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KNOWLES'S PLAYS.*

POETRY is easily distinguished. Many counterfeits doubtless have existed, and many false pretenders to its dignity; but the imposture has ever been marred, however cunningly contrived. Costly cosmetics and gorgeous robes have failed long to conceal the native deformity of the abortive idol presented for our worship; and our momentary admiration has been succeeded by lasting contempt. The charms of phrase but ill substitute the vigour of sense; and the glitter of an adventitious ornament will soon cease to dazzle when unsupported by more solid excellencies. True poetry, albeit destitute of all adjuncts save those derived from its own naked majesty, will quickly make dim the sickly lustre which laborious pretension is sometimes enabled to cast around turgid dulness, sleepy sentiment, or the foppish frippery of an aristocratic drawing room.

But Poetry, although thus easily distinguished, is not to be defined. It owns no boundaries—is checked by no limitation. Nothing is so exalted—nothing so debased, as to be free from its influence; it houses with the mean as well as with the mighty. It can deck every theme, and clothe itself in every form of expression; can teach alike in the guise of the jester or of the moralist. They who would confine Poetry within recognizable bounds; who would pronounce this subject poetical and this not—this word poetical and this not; who would shackle it with rules, and declare its proprieties, show an entire ignorance of its nature and its aims. Poetry has no peculiar language, no peculiar sphere of its own; it is not necessarily arrayed in pomp and majesty; it will sit by our domestic hearth, and discourse in the familiar terms of every day. Poetry meets us wherever we turn our eyes; we think it, and talk it, and live it; aye, even the neglected stones of the highway are eloquent of it.

A short time ago, to have asserted thus much would have indicted an author of paradox or rhapsody; but now (thank Heaven!) it subjects him to the accusation of common-place. The claims set up for an exclusive poetic diction have been exploded; the universality of poetry has been acknowledged; and the natural has at length tri-

* The Dramatic Works of James Sheridan Knowles. London: Moxon. 1841.
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umphed over the artificial. It has been seen that what beguiles us of our tears, that what arouses our emotions, that what elevates our souls, is not the regularity of numbers, the gracefulness of oratory, or the elaborateness of description. All the art of the practised rhetorician has never been able to produce this effect; but one touch of unadulterated nature—one throe of genuine feeling in the writer, has compelled in a moment the result which the other has so long and so fruitlessly laboured to obtain. The most stately tragedies in which the distress was apportioned by rule, and in which the strictness of propriety and decorum was preserved even in the midst of weeping and woe, never thrilled an audience like the rude outpourings of unmannered grief in the plays of Lillo; and even the extravagance of Lee became popular, when it was evident that the man put his soul into his works.

But the purification had long been manifest in the other branches of Literature, ere the Drama exhibited any sign of participation in the reform. The stage still clung to its old formularies; and, indeed, has not yet effectually deserted them. The long reign of declamation—a reign which, however beneficial to the temporary interests of theatres, has been the primary cause of the declension of the drama—ceased only to make way for a more deleterious form of composition, which inherited all the faults, though none of the beauties, of its predecessor. In fact, the stage retrograded, and anything approaching to pure nature was more than ever scouted by actor and manager. And this state of things has continued, with some variations, to the present hour; only one true poet having appeared in the acting Dramatic arena, who has had the hardihood to seek for his characters and sentiments beyond the narrow pale of green-room prejudice. We allude to JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

We assert that Mr. Knowles is the only modern acted Dramatist whose plays are natural and life-like. Although the period of his plays is generally laid in the times gone by, yet he chiefly deals with the emotions—the passions—the hopes and the fears which are common to Humanity at all times and at all places. The essential and not the accidental in man is the quarry that Knowles flies at. We at once recognize his characters as beings linked to us by a chain of indissoluble sympathy; as beings whose motives and whose actions can be explained by a reference to the intuitions of our own bosoms. Out of this track Knowles never travels; he creates no stupendous impersonations of godlike energy to which the world could never have given birth; he demands our admiration for no impossible heroism, but contents himself with depicting real men and women; whose prototypes we have all known or may know. He has discovered that the real is as poetical as the ideal.

This kind of Drama was, as we have before hinted, wholly new to the stage when Knowles first appeared. The *pseudo*-classical school, indeed, never pretended to copy the life around. It was confessedly artificial from beginning to end; and its personages could be recognized as human nowhere out of the walls of the theatre. But to this school Knowles never owned allegiance; the Elizabethan Dramatists were evidently the models which in his earliest productions he emu-

lated. His *Caius Gracchus* is plainly a highly wrought study from *Coriolanus*; a study, however, so successfully elaborated as to demonstrate that he who made it was himself a master. The difference of the argument of the two plays merely consists in the fact, that *Coriolanus* is an advocate for the patricians, and *Caius Gracchus* for the plebeians. The one play, in truth, is a companion to the other. But there is a portion of *Caius Gracchus* which exclusively belongs to Knowles; a portion in which he could not help being original. It is in the domestic scenes that the genius of the poet breaks out most strongly; for, when once among the affections, Knowles needs no guide—he is in the clime to which he is native. Still more is this exemplified in his *Virginus*; a tragedy which, although perhaps too theatrically constructed, contains, in many places, evidences of deep feeling and manly thought. It is proper that the poet should begin his career by exercising the highest faculties of his art. He should prove his calling and his election by showing himself invested with the noblest attributes ere he condescends to the inferior branches. He who grovels in the beginning, will be a groveller to the end. The world leaves to every author the erection of the standard by which he is to be judged; accepts his own measure of excellence, and classes him accordingly. Hence did Knowles wisely in recording his early aspirations towards tragedy. His *Caius Gracchus* and *Virginus* we value more for the sake of the strength they denoted in the author than their own; a strength which merely time was lacking to confirm. And that time did confirm it, to an excellence even beyond expectation, the production of *The Hunchback* gloriously testified. This delightful play is nearly without a fault; for the shadow of one that the lynx-eyed critic might find in it is wholly mechanical, and does not at all affect its intrinsic beauty. The play is vital throughout. Every syllable is necessary to propel the current of the dramatic interest; no word is thrown away. *Master Walter* is a delineation of which an author has a right to be proud; the impatience of one conscious of mental nobility at the contempt which was, or might be, generated by bodily deformity, and the suspicious fretfulness which, though it could not hide the soul of goodness in the man, or extinguish his potent yet wayward affection for an only child, laid him still more open to the taunt he dreaded, are so delicately developed in this portraiture, as to entitle it to rank among those treasures that are garnered in the storehouse of the memory to be the pride and instruction of future hours. Were aught necessary to substantiate Knowles's claim to be classed among the first of British dramatists, the fine scene in the fourth act of the play before us, between *Julia* and *Clifford*, would be amply sufficient for the purpose. Self-knowledge is the fruit of suffering; can only be obtained by an endurance of the throes and convulsions of a heart anguished almost to breaking. *Julia*, at the commencement of the play, is discovered in a situation that had allowed her no scope for the display of character; and hence, when occasion does minister opportunity, her ignorance of herself betrays her into a position that seems to be fraught with irremediable misery. But the process is a healthy one, and the misery medicinal; the fine gold emerges from the furnace purified of dross; and at length the reckless child of im-

pulse knows her peace by finding out its bane. Her trial proves her indeed,

—"a piece
Of Nature's handiwork, as costly, free
From bias, flaw, and fair as ever yet
Her cunning hand turned out."

The parental relation is perceptibly that which Knowles most delights to portray; and, in sooth, it is the noblest that can furnish argument to the poet. Ever divine, in violation it becomes awful; from whence arises the more than supernatural grandeur of the character of Lear. All other authority has its origin in this sacred sentiment;—a sentiment, the denial of which is an abrogation of the sovereignty of God. For the piety and obedience which a son offers to his father differs not, except in degree, from that he should present to his Deity; and the filial emotion once smothered, no hope remains that any other flower of righteousness can find soil to spring. When the affection that should bind father and child has proved mortal, all others must die; and this love, which is the type of that greater love which bears rule over the universe, made wroth, he who has profaned its majesty wanders thenceforth a God-abandoned and blighted mockery, despoiled of all that can lend dignity to manhood. But all rights and duties are reciprocal; and if an unfilial child be a monster, an unnatural father is a still greater one. He abuses an authority vouchsafed for the holiest and wisest of ends; and fights the battles of Hell with weapons entrusted to him from the armoury of Heaven.

Knowles, however, depicts not the parental relation thus violently riven asunder; but rather exhibits it flourishing in full perfection, and only suffering wrong from the antagonism of the world without—an antagonism which ever elevates what it fails to destroy. From *Virginus* even to *John di Procida*, most of Knowles's plays have been based upon some of the multitudinous manifestations of the filial or paternal principle; though it is in the *Wrecker's Daughter* that the sentiment is allowed the fullest developement. This play, more than any other, confirms what Charles Lamb asserted of our author, that he thrills our bosoms nearly without the aid of language. Knowles's language has always been of the simplest texture, and in the *Wrecker's Daughter* is altogether destitute of ornament. Yet is it not a whit less effective on that account; for real emotion is never dressed in a magnificent mantle of words. Knowles expresses the intensity of passion; the Dramatists of the last age contented themselves with merely describing it. They depended more upon what their personages said, than what they did or suffered; but Knowles, very rightly, not infrequently, reverses the rule.*

* Modern tragedy writers never let a hero expire without a last dying speech and confession; but it would appear that Shakspeare did not think such a procedure by any means invariably necessary. Macbeth has no dying speech; neither has Coriolanus, nor Richard the Third, nor some of his other heroes;—an omission which Knowles has imitated (rather timidly) in *Caius Gracchus*.

Before we dismiss the *Wrecker's Daughter*, we must notice that Knowles, in one part of his play, has unwittingly fallen into the same track as Sir Walter Scott. There is a similarity between *Marian* and *Jeannie Deans*, which, although evolved by wholly different circumstances, is worthy of some consideration as indicating a psychological analysis. We refer to what in both might appear to the worldly moralist an intellectual defect—as a kind of ignorant simple-mindedness. The world requires a system of current ethics for daily use, in order to obtain which, it alloys the pure gold of conscience with the brass of convenience; and as whoever falls below this generally received standard of conduct is pronounced a criminal, so whoever rises above it is esteemed a fool. If the world permits or excuses a certain action, it is astonished that other considerations should deter you from doing what is so manifestly to your advantage; it smiles at your stupidity, or misinterprets your motives. Thus few, in reading *The Heart of Midlothian*, have been enabled to suppress an inclination to pity the simplicity of a girl who could endure the most dreadful toils and privations to procure a sister's pardon, and yet shrink from a slight equivocation, which, by preventing the condemnation, had rendered that pardon unnecessary;—an equivocation, too, which was expected by all, and which all were ready to forgive. Viewed in the light of the popular idea of rectitude and prudence, this procedure seems very unaccountable; the desertion of the easy and certain expedient, for one beset by such incalculable difficulties as to render success apparently impossible, is, in the eyes of the world, strange and monstrous. So again with *Marian*: her inability to suppress her knowledge of a fact which fixed a murder on her father; and her subsequent self-devotion to prevent that which, at the beginning, she might have prevented at so much less cost, belongs to the same class of anomalies. To those around it is a contradiction; they wonder, and ask—

“ Was't not strange she fainted
Soon as her evidence was done, and yet
Could give that evidence ? ”

Yet who will deny that it is this *folly* which gives their peculiar charm to the portraiture of Scott and Knowles? And wherefore this charm, since we do not usually delight in foolishness? We have said that the world adulterates the gold of conscience, and declares that adulteration unavoidable; but adulterated gold will not satisfy the demands of the scrupulous. Neither *Jeannie Deans* nor *Marian* had bartered their pure metal for the debased currency of the world; or yet learned to distinguish the expedient from the right. Thrown into circumstances which seemingly opposed conscience to affection, they asserted the supremacy of the former, not by weakening the forces of the latter, but by permitting no lengthened contest. Feeling that it was equally wrong to violate either, they preserved their allegiance to both, although at a fearful sacrifice. Now, this daring to recognize a higher rule of conduct than the one to which the world would have all conform, is heroism; and however much the prudential conventions of society may call upon us to condemn, a still more potent voice within us compels us to admire. Hence the mixture of pity and pleasure when

we behold the exhibition of such imprudent purity; pity that it should be the subject of the bitterest of the whips and scorns of time, and pleasure to perceive that all humanity is not yet totally immersed in the mire of secular morals.

Although, as we have above declared, the idea of the parental relation affords the noblest arguments that a poet can choose; yet some *quondam* critics have thought fit to censure Knowles's partiality for it as a mannerism and defect. We envy not the discernment or the hearts of such objectors. Is it not as inexhaustible a source of incident as sexual love, lacking which prescription has decided a play imperfect? And wherefore should not one be introduced as frequently as the other? If investigated, it will be found that the parental relation is mixed up in all the joys and miseries of life. Nor should its sanctity be considered as an objection to its indiscriminate representation, for nought but the holiest impulses of our nature should be exhibited on the stage.

Never should we forget that stage representations are either the most sacred or the most profane of things; and that, indeed, they can only be justified by the genius of the poet; since genius, however exerted, can only work to good and pure ends. The antics of the actor are a blasphemous mimicry, when not directed to any other or higher purpose than provoking the plaudits of a crowd. He becomes answerable for a double sin—for debasing his own nature and that of his auditors; and the theatre, under such auspices, whatever may be the ostensible character of its exhibitions, must be considered as a temple, originally erected to favour the promotion of the highest virtues and noblest aspirations, but at length desecrated, through the treachery of its ministers, to the uses of sensualism and impiety. But such desecration must ever take place while it is dependent on the populace for support. While the stage, instead of being the stern reprover, is compelled to pander to the lusts and appetites of the many, Jack Sheperdism will be its code of morals; thieves and prostitutes its patterns of humanity; hurdles will be its triumphant cars; and its test of heroism, the gallows. It will only set forth as worthy of emulation what its patrons are willing to admire; and instead of taking the initiative in their moral advancement, will be ever found in the wake. And even if one or two principal theatres should be enabled to keep themselves aloof from this prevailing vagabondism; if they should refrain from bringing before our eyes the bestiality of crime and the squalor of poverty, without the least palliative to check their demoralizing effects; yet will it be found that the leprosy has but taken a more insidious form. They cover themselves with the proprieties of convention as with a cloak, and thus hide the disgustingly protuberant deformities of their foul disease. The fashionable Drama (if now there be any such) has become more refined, but not a whit more moral, than it was at the time when, in the words of Johnson, "intrigue was plot, and obscenity wit." But granting to its advocates that the Drama of the present day is guiltless of immorality, still must they own that it has no further end in view than furnishing two hours' amusement, or setting on a few dozen of barren spectators to laugh; and how pitiful the poet, how contemptible the actor, who can be contented with such

a degraded position. Nor can such an *amusement* be esteemed harmless; for the mental dissipation it induces, clears the way for the further incursions of frivolity and its ultimate attendant, vice.

No hope, then, remains that the stage will know purification while it continues under the dominion of the mob, since the mob will ever compel it to do the work of the devil. If permitted at all, it should be provided *for* the people, not *by* them. Here, in fact, lies the very *nucleus* of the argument; the stage should be recognized and regulated as a part of the education of the people. The pure and the genuine Drama should alone be permitted representation; and to the representation of that, every scope and facility should be given. Nor let it be thought that the range of the Dramatist would be at all limited thereby; tragedy, comedy, and farce, being nearly equally capable, in their several spheres, of a beneficial and elevating application. Poetry, as we have said before, can take all forms and inspire all themes; nay, to its existence, even the presence of metre is not necessary. Let the drama be in one act or five, in prose or verse—let its incidents be tragic or comic—as the genius of the poet and the propriety of his subject may suggest; but let its invariable aim be to incite in its auditors an emulation of whatever is noble, and lovely, and of good report.

To Mr. Knowles, we repeat, is reserved the lasting glory of having been the only theatrically accepted author, who has dared, in spite of obstructions and risk of consequent failure, to write pure drama, and spurn the unworthy thralldom to which his brethren have submitted reluctantly or otherwise. By his plays alone will the acted Drama of the present era be remembered. Already has the doom been pronounced which consigns most of its other productions to oblivion; but however mortal may be the vamped-up profanities of the playwright, the creations of the true poet ever remain an imperishable testimony to future generations.

SOCIAL EVILS.*

A FEVERISH discontent with the present modes and arrangements of society and government, has lately become the characteristic, not only of particular factions or nations, but of nearly the whole of civilized humanity. Complaints are vented by all ranks that the difficulties of obtaining even a bare subsistence are every day multitudinously increased; and that the reward of genius, of labour, and of talent, is more than ever precarious. The brute force which lies at the bottom of society, so long inert, has been aroused to a perception of its true strength; hunger has awakened ferocious impulses in the bosom of the unemployed or inadequately remunerated operative; and the possessors of property are now perceptibly less secure than they were fifty years ago. While the man of labour has *enough*—while he can go to bed at night free from the agonizing thought of how his children can be fed on the morrow,—his desire for greater affluence will never be

* The Phalanstery; or Attractive Industry and Moral Harmony. Translated from the French of Madame Gatti de Gamond. London: Whittaker and Co. 1804.

accompanied by the malevolence of the incendiary or revolutionist; he will feel that he has some stake in the common weal—some positive good which convulsion and change might hazard. The security of his weekly wage is to the labourer as great an inducement to aid in the preservation of peace and order, as is the security of their riches and dignities to the superior classes. But let him behold that security already destroyed—let him be denied employment, or ill-paid—let him perceive himself exposed, in spite of his will to labour for his daily bread, to the horrors of extremest penury,—and he will indeed feel that the world is not his friend, nor the world's law, and renounce allegiance to those institutions which leave him to starve. The man *is* wronged—deeply wronged by society—who lacks necessary shelter or food; he is unjustifiably deprived of that which he has an inalienable right to enjoy. To such a man, every exercise of authority involves fresh injury; his obedience is extorted, although no protection is offered, no benefit derived in return. Thus finding him at length in a state of virtual rebellion against its prescripts, social convention pronounces him a criminal, and for its own safety makes him a sacrifice. Never was there a convict hanged at Tyburn, who was not a man more sinned against than sinning.

It has now become useless to conceal this fact; for their own sorrowful experience has taught it to the masses. They have learnt that whatever civilization may have effected for the upper orders, it has left *them* to wallow in ignorance and misery. Civilization has never yet penetrated the core of society; it has merely bedaubed with its tinsel some of the superficialities. It has benefited the few, and oppressed the many; as it must ever do, when its influence is partial. Not one of its improvements or inventions has been known to the labourer as other than a misfortune; not one of them but has robbed him of some means of obtaining his subsistence. It has ever made him its victim; occasionally flattering him when his rough energy was desiderated, but ever spurning him when his work was accomplished.

The face of society at this time presents a strange and fearful anomaly; the most ultra-refinement on the one hand, is contrasted with the deepest barbarism on the other. Neither in morals nor intellect, have the populace been elevated to a standard at all proportionable to that attained by their richer brethren. But nevertheless they have not lacked unhewn barbaric virtues; however destitute of artificial adjuncts, they have proudly vindicated their character as *MEN*. Hearts and heads have they; nor is the one incapable of feeling, or the other of reasoning on, their wrongs. They have perceived that the whole system of society is based upon their sufferings; and that their ignorance has been the source of their degradation and impotence. But they have felt, moreover, that strength lay in their sinews sufficient to sweep the privileged classes from the face of the earth, if it could be organized and applied. Knowledge, however, has loaded them with chains; and they can yet do little more than vent their rage in vain essays to rend them. Still, unless prevented by wise and paternal legislation, the day of vengeance will come; for when men have become conscious of their debasement, they have taken the first step towards remedying it. Once aware that ignorance is their bane, the

instruction which is refused by their rulers, will be provided surreptitiously by themselves; and fatally poisonous will that instruction be. They will learn how to exert their power, but not how to exert it wisely; and the tremendous convulsion will precipitate us again on the first elements of society.

The present system of civilization is a system of iniquitous compromise. It proceeds upon the principle that each man should merge his rights as an individual in the common stock it establishes for all society, and be content with such dividends as it shall from time to time declare for his advantage. It will allow no complaints to be made against its stewardship; and demands the fullest confidence, although it guarantees nothing. It palliates the miseries of individuals by boastfully referring to national prosperity; and if the distress should become universal, instead of attributing the evil to its own shortcomings, occasions the several classes of the community to beguile their sorrows in mutual recrimination. But being, at the best, a weak and tottering edifice, it is obliged to seek support; and accordingly props its decrepitude, not with the virtues, but the vices and follies of men. Assuming as an axiom that the vicious man is the rule, and the virtuous man the exception, it inculcates the doctrine that severity towards the former is the only way of securing the latter; but at the same time so regulates its scale of vice and virtue, as to make virtue altogether synonymous with conformity to its prescripts. It cherishes the meanest and worst passions of men, that its aid may appear necessary to prevent their worst results, which often, however, it fails to do; and thus, with all his boasted advancement, the civilized man is often put to the blush by the mental nobility and self-denying magnanimity of the savage. By it the expedient is declared to be the right, not the right the expedient; nor can we comply with its usages for one hour and not be guilty of hypocrisy and falsehood. It obliges us to conceal our sensibilities and affections, lest they should lay us open to the attacks of our fellows; and offers us a reward, if we can succeed in eradicating them from our bosoms.

These truths, we are aware, have been reiterated almost to triteness; but they have been reiterated in despair. Any proposition having for its aim the melioration of the ignorance of the labouring man, has been dreaded as the advent of sedition; and any theory promising to effect the regeneration of society at large, has been laughed out of countenance as Utopian and absurd. Now, however, the ignorance of the labourer is plainly as much to be feared as his enlightenment; while the pressure of our social evils is keenly felt by all. The perception of the first fact has caused a species of education to be partially disseminated among the poor, more destructive than the direst mental darkness. There is no safe mean in the education of the poor—it should either be done completely or not at all. That afforded by charity schools is just sufficient to enable their scholars to imbibe the poison, but not to provide the antidote; it leaves them discontented with the station they were born to, and fitted for no other. Exciting an appetite which it neglects to supply with healthy increment, what wonder that forbidden gratifications should be sought? Nor can the poor fail to perceive that the education, thus offered to them as so great a boon, is altogether inferior in quantity and quality

to the one enjoyed by the donors; that, in reality, the modicum of instruction they receive is as great a badge of subjection as was their previous lack of intellectual cultivation. If a man is no more esteemed for the possession of a capability to read and write, can we suppose that he will be satisfied with such capability?—or be thankful to those who, by indulging him with a little, have but opened his eyes to how much they withhold? An education like this turns a man into the world already prepared to become the prey of the factionaries who live by his corruption—the victim of the penny blasphemy vended in the streets, and of the fierce revolutionism declaimed in the tavern. These, we repeat, are the results to be expected from the present method of educating the poor; results, not chargeable upon their being educated at all, but upon their not being educated enough. But it is objected, that a higher education would render the poor averse to manual labour. If this objection has any weight, it ought to have been considered long ago; for the evil anticipated has already been incurred. You have taught the poor man to read, but have left him without leisure to profit by his knowledge—to write, and work him till his hands are too hard to hold a pen. Has this been slightly complained of by the labourer? Nay, it has appeared to him (and rightly) a galling mockery. And if leisure were in his power, what kind of food has been offered to his mental needs? A few cheap journals containing scraps of information, unconnected and unapplied; and which, forming no aggregate in the mind, cannot possibly make a man more knowing or more wise. Most of that information, too, is scientific; and therefore, if expressed in technical language, must be unintelligible; and if not so expressed, incorrect. Still, the encouragement accorded to these journals is a proof of the estimation with which knowledge was regarded by the classes to whom they were addressed; of a desire, on the part of their subscribers, to let pass no available means of improvement. Their inutility, however, at length being manifest, their circulation has decreased; and their place, we are afraid, filled by publications of a less innoxious character.

But besides the cheap journals to which we have referred, Mechanics' Libraries and Reading Rooms have in many places been established. These institutions, though altogether premature, were well designed; and at the commencement promised good. Yet it ought to have been known, that while the mechanic thought himself wronged, while he writhed under daily distress, and a rankling sense of social degradation, such institutions could neither be beneficial nor prudent. Have not too many of the Mechanics' Lecture Rooms become the theatres for the display of the demagogue and Owenite?—the scenes of political ferment and animosity? And ought we to feel surprised at this? ought we to suppose that men clamouring for bread can sit patiently to hear a disquisition on hydrostatics, or pneumatics, or electricity, of which every third word must necessarily be an enigma, to the exclusion of themes which at once come home to their bosoms, and which are made painfully interesting by hourly experience? The distress that

—“in cottages confined,

Sighs unregarded to the passing wind,”

thus finds more effectual and sympathizing audience; and each man goes forth muttering curses “not loud but deep,” against those who,

enjoying more of this world's goods than himself, seem to oppress or neglect him.

We must therefore declare the means hitherto adopted for the mental improvement of the masses insufficient, and, by natural consequence, prejudicial. Nor will any other attempts at the same objects meet better success, while, want, "worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend," continues to dog the heels of the workman. His physical condition must be ameliorated, his heart made cheerful, and his countenance jocund, ere the development of his intellect will be other to him than a curse. The peasant must be in reality what poets have only pictured him,—the happy, honest, pious man, blest with enough, but not too much, and perfectly contented with his lot. When such a consummation shall have been attained, our endeavours to give moral and intellectual elevation will encounter nought to impede their triumph.

However, this physical amelioration, on all hands admitted to be so desirable, is nearly as universally decided to be impracticable. Some have indeed proposed an extended emigration to relieve the glut of superfluous labour, and it is said that government is even now elaborating a measure to that end; but this banishment from their native soil appears to those to whom it is preached a heartless remedy; while in its results it would destroy the very sinews of the nation. The old-fashioned opinion, that in the numbers of its inhabitants lay the glory and the stability of a nation, was not so erroneous as modern speculatists have imagined; a thickly-peopled country, with a numerous labouring class, unenervated by luxury, but possessed of the necessities of life, would be impregnable to a foreign foe.

A system of *home-colonization* is evidently needed; which would economize the resources now wasted, and secure to those willing to take advantage of it, a *minimum* of food, shelter and clothing. Owen's plan of co-operation, were it not so injuriously interlarded with his absurd dogmas on morals and metaphysics, might be made available for this purpose; and that of Fourier, being untainted by these plague spots, still more so. A popular exposition of Fourier's doctrine, by Madame Gatti de Gamond, has lately been translated by an English lady. It is introduced to the British reader by a highly æsthetic lucubration enunciative of the necessity of unity in man, which contains the germs of a higher philosophy than that of Fourier. Madame de Gamond's work is lucidly composed, and is particularly deserving of attention. While, however, convinced of the insufficiency of civilization, we must confess we have little faith in a mechanical regeneration of society. The idea of a world filled by Phalansteries we must at present give up as hopeless. Something of the kind for the future has been anticipated by the author of a treatise on the *Progress and Prospects of Society*, reviewed by us some time ago—namely, by the vast increase of population making the mass of mankind paupers, and forcing them, in order to husband their means of subsistence, to live and have every thing in common; which hypothesis, however, is more nearly allied to Owen than to Fourier. But although unlikely to be now adopted by those who still possess a home and competency, government might make good use of many of Fourier's suggestions. The establishment, for instance, of joint-stock union banks (of which

an outline was given by us, January, 1840), is an experiment easy and practicable; and which could hardly fail of being productive of beneficial results. Political commotion is now what is most to be dreaded; but give to all the *right* to labour, a sufficient remuneration, and a reasonable degree of leisure, and all such ferment is allayed. Insurrection starves among a well-fed population.

Emigration, we once more declare, is a remedy worse than the disease; eating into the very vitals of the nation; and depriving her of what she should most cherish—her energy, her skill—nay, her genius. These, when profusely bestowed on a nation, are the gift of a bounteous God; and should, in the natural course of things, conduce to her prosperity. But if, through an artificial obstruction, these blessings fail of their due effect, and, like all good things perverted, originate fatal mischiefs, shall we therefore cast them from us, and madly destroy the sinews of our strength? Abundance ought never to be a curse. Where there is plenty, none ought to want; where there are many to labour, none ought to be overtaken. If skill abounds, clumsy workmanship should disappear; if energy and genius are vouchsafed, noble enterprises and mighty achievements should be wrought. And if contrary results are witnessed, the fault lies, not with the inestimable treasures thus showered on an ungrateful land, but with man, who has neglected to apply them. Not long, however, will they remain working evil instead of good; they will right themselves, either by peaceful demonstration or violent convulsion. To use them properly, is glorious supremacy; but to disperse them, deadliest suicide; especially in a country like England, whose main prop is her commerce. The wealth and greatness of England has been created by the artisan. He has furnished out her armies and fleets, not perhaps with men, but with what is more valuable—money and credit. And shall we banish him from the shores he has defended? from the country he has raised to dominion? Forbid it, Heaven!

If a general emigration should ever take place, our artisans will be the first to depart. The agricultural labourer is heavy and dull, and, having few wants, will stick to the soil to the last; but the artisan will at once seek a better market for his skill. Nor have we any certainty (if his emigration be voluntary) that he will proceed to any of our colonies, distant or proximate. Already have our artisans shown a disposition to remove to continental districts, where a prospect of better wages or cheaper living presents itself; and if they do so, the genius of Britain may indeed don sackcloth and mourn the folly of our legislature. Her commercial importance annihilated, England will scarcely rank as a third-rate power, and will probably fall the first victim whenever the Russian eagle shall be prepared to make its final fatal swoop over Europe.

But we have little fear of beholding a general emigration, if not rendered compulsory. So strong is the attachment of the mass to their native soil, that they will undergo any hardships rather than leave it. This, experience has proved; for notwithstanding the continued advocacy of emigration among the people, few comparatively have embraced it—and of those few, many have been profligates, without character, or occupation, or hope. And how little has the expatriation of these self-exiles relieved the distresses of the community.

Its influence has scarcely been felt beyond the family hearths which have been made desolate by the departure, for ever, of the cherished and beloved. If there were no other objection to emigration than the kindred ties which it rends, the domestic sanctities which it violates, we should pause ere we pronounced it just or benevolent. To tear a man from all the endearments of early associations—from the lips he has kissed and the hands he has pressed—from the love of parent, of brother, of friend—and to banish him perchance to a wilderness, or at best to a far land where all are strangers to his sight and heart, can surely smack but little of philanthropy. Such a proposal treats poverty as our law treats felons, and what is punishment to the one will scarcely be amelioration to the other. When we reflect on the blight that must come over the best affections of the heart before a man could submit to such a doom, we are not surprised at many of the emigrants, upon their arrival at their destination, abandoning themselves to the lowest sensualism, and becoming a disgrace to human nature; on the contrary, we wonder that such instances should be considered the exception, and not the rule. It has been calculated, from official returns, that in the colony of New South Wales alone, the quantity of spirituous liquors consumed is at least ten times greater than in any other part of the globe of similar extent and population. Does not this fact speak trumpet-tongued of debasement, desperation, and wretchedness?

Let those who will emigrate; but preach it not to the people as a *panacea* for their ills. Rather let the government choose what is most convenient and practicable from the systems of Fourier, Owen, and other socialists, and establish a system of association and co-operation for those whom machinery or other causes may throw out of employment. This plan, in the long run, would cost the government little or nothing; for the funds advanced, being a loan, and not a gift, would be repaid as the communities advanced in prosperity. Of course, such institutions ought to be conducted on strictly religious and conservative principles, and be under the direct supervision of the executive. By this means, many who are now useless or dangerous members of society will be supplied with a livelihood, and Chartism and Revolution be perhaps nipped in the bud.

S. C.

THE DYING POET!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

SWEET the strings to holy numbers,—
 Strains of earth are discord now,—
 All that's mortal in me slumbers,—
 Take fame's garland from my brow :
 Beauty's smile and fortune's favour
 Move not *now* as once they moved ;
 Life has lost " its salt and savour,"
 Since its nothingness I proved.
 Talk no more, my friends, of pity
 For my sufferings here below ;
 See the bright eternal City !
 Let, oh ! let my spirit go !

Would ye, with a love mistaken,
 See my health again renewed ?
 See my mind with passions shaken,
 Passions all—yes *all* subdued ?
 Would ye see me, once more filling
 Pleasure's deep and deadly bowl,
 Every pulse to folly thrilling,
 Reckless of th' undying soul ?
 Gentle friends ! ah, why this anguish ?
 Is the *mortal* then so dear,
 Ye would let the *spirit* languish
 Hour by hour in exile here ?
 Health did never yield the lightness,
 Sickness to my soul doth give ;
 All was false illusive brightness,
 Now alone I seem to *live*.
 Sad farewells are nature's reaping
 From man's dark estate of earth ;
 All must pay their tithe of weeping,
 All to tribute sighs give birth.
 Oh ! how softly bright and tender
 Shines that Star to dying eyes,
 Judah saw, in all its splendour,
 O'er her night of darkness rise !
 Saviour of my soul eternal,
 What have I to offer thee,
 But those gifts of grace supernal,
 Which thy blood first bought for me ?
 Take, oh ! take my all of treasure,
 All a sinner can impart,—
 Golden faith, a heaped measure,
 Offer'd from my dying heart.
 Farewell World, thou troubled ocean,
 Where my bark at random drove !
 Farewell Nature, first devotion
 Of my young impassioned love !
 Farewell Fame, fond aspiration
 Once of my deluded heart !
 Fleeting breath of false creation,
 Gladly now from *thee* I part.
 All and each, farewell for ever !
 Friends, too, dearer far than all !
 From each loving tie I sever ;—
 Hark ! the herald angels call !
 Glory, such as holy dreaming
 Only can on man bestow,
 All around my couch is beaming,
 Let, oh ! let my spirit go.

THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

"They sleep in secret,—but their sod
Unknown to man, is marked by God!"—MRS. HEMANS.

THERE appears to me nothing that so readily finds its way to the "heart of hearts," that sanctuary of the best feelings of one's nature, as the contemplation of a village churchyard—calm amid the turmoil of a restless world, and hallowed by the vicinity of the house of prayer, where all who bend the knee to the Triune God, enjoy His presence who has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them." It gladdens the spirit of the anxious searcher after peace, as the lamp of night piercing the storm-cloud cheers the eye of the traveller through the gloom, drawing the mind gently from the hectic and evanescent colouring of time to the unfading bloom of eternity. How pleasant is it to turn from the dismal, chilling burial ground of a city, where no ray of sunshine or unadulterated light beams o'er the forgotten dust, where even the sepulchral stone is encrusted with smoke and the general impurities of the atmosphere; where the dead are brought, like vegetables to the fair, to be disposed of by the half dozen at a time, the hired *mourners* feeling as little compunction as the salesman at parting with his charge, which ere long will be trodden under foot, in levity or thoughtlessness, by the scornful and the proud;—where all seems strange and new, from the infant, admitted into the pale of the church, to the lifeless form interred within its shadow; for in the ever changing inhabitants of a town the same roof will cover those, whose very persons are unknown to each other, literally "birds of passage," since one cometh, and another goeth, and their place is nowhere to be found, save in the city burial-ground, that takes no cognizance of its tenants, but by putting forth the announcement of the fact, on its sign of stone, of all things there the only one grown old in its place, while over that the mould of premature age has been unsparingly strewn:—pleasant, truly, is it to turn from this revolting scene to the tranquil seclusion of a village churchyard—that, far from the jarring elements of discord, stretches forth its verdant bosom fresh and inviting, and seems to say, "Come to me, ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"—rest to the troubled spirit from the vain longings of ambition; repose to the suffering and the hopeful, sweet as on the bosom of their Lord! When day declines, and I have marked yon venerable pile, steeped in the roseate hues of sunset, glowing and god-like, as reflected from Him, whose throne is light, I have thought of the hoary head silvered by age, and whitened with the purity of regeneration, ripe for the harvest,—flickering awhile on the verge of earth, and throwing around him the rich beauties of holiness; and when the last ray has fled, and all is clothed in the sable robe of night, 'tis as the sombre quiet of the grave, silently reposing till the day-star from on high shall visit the earth, and the Sun, radiant in the glory of the heavens, "shall arise with healing on his wings." Where can we find the purest and most refined feelings of humanity so beautifully developed as among the unsophisticated and untaught occupants of these simple mounds?

I accompanied Filia to a rural burying ground; she led me to a grave somewhat more elevated than the rest, and while I read the in-

scription on the headstone, she reverently bent the knee of piety, and plucking a blade of grass, nurtured by the dust of a parent, gently placed it in her bosom!—it was a touching scene, and the unbidden tear flowed in sympathy with the sweet sorrow of the mourner.

The village churchyard, that is pressed by the merry foot of infancy, bears him anon to lisp his first lesson at the Sunday school—and with more sober step, to prepare for taking on himself the fulfilment of his baptismal vows; in after years yields to the firmer step of manhood, as he passes on to plight his troth to the chosen of his heart, often the companion of his childhood; and when age and infirmities have weaned him from the world, the same sacred soil that has claimed his kindred for generations past, opens its gloomy depths and receives the casket, whose jewel is called to adorn a crown of surpassing glory; truly may *he* be said to “sleep with his fathers!” But where are the bones of him buried in a city? Darkness and infamy too frequently can alone tell where!—perhaps strung together, and incased in the *sanctum* of the anatomist!—perhaps scattered to the winds by the zeal or the levity of the student, or, more revolting still, adorned with silver and with gold, to be made the instrument of administering to the midnight orgies of the infidel! and shall not that re-embodied scull rise in accusation against the voluptuous, sacrilegious traducer? How soon are the fairest and the most powerful forgotten! Each passeth as a shadow, yet must there have been beauties in all, for all were moulded by an unerring hand, and stamped with the divine image, from the day-flower, whose life sets with the sun that evening shrouds and the night-dews weep for, to the amaranth that flourishes beneath the rainbow of emerald, and is sunned by the “Sun of Righteousness!”

Turn then with me from the gorgeous pageant of the city—from the imposing plumes of the wealthy and the great—to dwell with undazzled eye on the lowly bier of the villager, and feel at thy heart's core the unaffected grief of its follower, who, drooping beneath the weight of her bereavement, yet lifts the eye of resignation to Heaven, and to the measured toilings of the funeral knell breathes forth in faith and hope, “Thy will be done!”

“It was but a dewy greensward bed,
Meet for the rest of a peasant head:
But love—oh! lovelier than all beside!—
That lone place guarded and glorified.”

Were it not that my kindred lie entombed in a vaulted sepulchre, and that with all the yearnings of affection, strong even in death, I wish that my dust may mingle with the dust of my parents and my children, I would select the spot beneath yon willow for my long home of rest—for surely it is sweet to know that, though the world may jeer, and laugh as the breeze that wantons with the pall, and may turn with indifference from the lifeless burden it covers, there is still one living thing, created by the same great Power, and spotless as when first from the bosom of its mother earth, that shall droop, and shed tears in the dews of heaven over our grave: and sweeter still, that that pellucid shower should call forth an emblem of the immortality of the soul from our very dust, in the springing grass that rises in matured verdure, meet for the scythe of time—the gathering of the grain—the consummation of all things!

West Ashby.

E. P.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—

(You don't know me—although p'r'aps you may
When I burst on the world in the blaze of noon-day.)
I write you this little epistle, to say
If you think what I've writ, which I herewith enclose,
(I'm a somewhat great man—but that's under the rose—
In fact, 'tis a secret that *nobody knows*)—

If you think what I've writ
For your pages is fit,
Or by any means likely to turn out a hit,
You're exceedingly welcome to publish it ;
And if when that's o'er
You've a fancy for more,

Why more you shall have,—I've a very large store.

My name *to the world*, as you'll see, is “ Young Phiz ; ”
But if *you* wish to know what my name *really* is,
A hint to “ Young Phiz ” in your next Magazine,
With pride and with pleasure of heart will be seen,
And promptly complied with by one who has been
From the first your admirer—whose honour it is
To sign himself, much at your service—

London, Oct. 15, 1841.

YOUNG PHIZ.

MR. JUPITER SLOGGS.

Mr. Jupiter Sloggs was a very nice man ;—

That is, as times go—
But the sequel shall show,
(And that's the best way I can prove it, you know.

I deem it my duty to prove when I can,

Whatever I say,
As I pass through life's way,—
So that always I may
Be ready to answer whoever says “ nay : ”

So, reader, I now,
If you'll kindly allow,
Will prove the assertion with which I began,
That the said Mr. Sloggs was a very nice man.

There's a rather large class of humanity's sons—
Exceedingly funny and singular ones—
Who are christened “ *sly dogs*,”—and, as far as I find,
By the general voice and consent of mankind ;—

An elderly bachelor suddenly wed,
With the silver of fifty-five years on his head,
He's called a “ sly dog ” by the people that quiz—
And a very sly dog he undoubtedly is ;

Or a young one who marries unknown to his pa,
 And without even saying a word to his ma,—
 Who has courted, but kept it all secret the while,
 And looked as demure as a post or a stile,
 He's another "sly dog,"—but I'm sure you must know
 So many sly dogs, that no more I need show.

There's another large body (Fate only knows why)
 Who are nicknamed "*rum dogs*" very *un-like* the sly.
 A rum dog's a dog that stays out late o' nights,
 And rather approveth blind hookey and fights;
 Who flooreth policemen, and ringeth street bells,
 And wrencheth off knockers, and visiteth hells,
 And shouteth and yelleth as home he doth jog—
 There can't be a question that *he's* a "*rum dog*."

Some are counted rum dogs who deserve not the name—
 Who filch the distinction, possessing no claim;—
 As, for instance, young shopmen, all beardless and childish,
 Or strutting apprentice boys, apish and wildish—
 Who think that to swear, and to riot and revel,
 And to puff their cigars, and to go to the devil,
 To wear stylish rings
 And other fine things,
 To glitter in guard-chains of copper or steel,
 And down the Haymarket at midnight to reel,—
 To take Sunday dinners and teas in an arbour,
 And yield their soft heads up as blocks to the barber,—
 To dance at assemblies—to strut and grimace,
 Till they're sore in the feet and red-hot in the face,—
 To cultivate side-locks, and whiskers, and that,—
 To patronize bear's-grease, or rather pig's-fat,—
 To lounge about town in a shocking bad hat,
 And to shoot—sometimes sparrows, and sometimes *the cat*.—
 With a thousand things more,
 Which I cannot run o'er,—
 To do such as this, it is thought by the throng,
 Makes a man a "*rum dog*," but the blockheads are wrong;
 Such creatures as these, tho' they try, p'r'aps, to bark,
 Are nothing but *puppies*, I beg to remark.

Then again, there are "*queer dogs*"—a very strange race—
 Who are odd in their doings, and grave in the face;
 These are jocular chaps,
 Who will fetch you smart raps,
 As you're stooping, it may be, to button your straps,
 And swear till they're blue that they didn't, perhaps,—
 Stick pins in their chairs,
 So that when, unawares,
 Some doomed one sits down there, he something like swears—
 Or at all events certainly don't say his prayers;

These wretches accurst,
 Oh ! for vengeance I thirst !
 Are the chosen apostles of April the first ;
 They are never so happy as when they have made
 April fools of their friends—nay, so fond of their trade
 Are these very delightful and fool-making elves,
 That they even submit to make fools of *themselves*.

However, no more
 I need say on this score—
 I dare say you've seen,
 What these *doggerels* mean :
 So now to sum up—Mr. Jupiter Sloggs
 Was the slyest—the rummest—the queerest of dogs.

Mr. Sloggs was in height
 Four feet seven—not quite,—
 It may seem rather short—but I'm sure I am right ;
 His body was long, and his legs they were short,
 And he spoke with a kind of a snuffle or snort ;
 He was punchy and fat,
 With a face rather flat,
 He wore a white hat,
 And he hated the cat ;
 He look'd very tall when at table he sat,
 And he never would wipe his wet boots on the mat ;
 He was partial to tripe,
 Had a liking for brandy—
 Was fond of a pipe,
 And his small-clothes were bandy.

His *small-clothes* I say,
 Tho' the question it begs,
 For mark, I distinctly refuse to convey,
 As I cannot afford for a libel to pay,
 Any slander, reproach, or aught verging that way,
 On Jupiter's *warranto-libellous* legs.
 Now these warranto-libellous legs—Mr. Sloggs—
 The said most amusing and slyest of dogs—
 Was accustomed to show,
 (It's a good while ago,)
 In buckskins and tops—which as some p'r'aps may know,
 Was the rage about twenty years backward, or so.
 Now the buckskins referred to,
 And boots as I've heard too,
 Were very remarkable things in their way,
 And produced, as the wise ones no doubt will dare say,
 A splendid effect on a beautiful day ;
 The buckskins were tight,
 Tight as buckskins could be,—
 And the boots were so bright,
 From the sole to the knee,
 That a blind man to shave himself in them might see :

Mr. Jupiter Sloggs.

Indeed I assure you, with serious mind,
That the buckskins, the tops, and the legs all combined,
Beat everything else ever known of the kind ;

Nay, so well they were known,
—Not in London alone—

But for fifteen miles round the renowned City Stone,—
That whoever beheld them, where'er it might be,
By the Thames—the Canal—the New River—the Lea—
In Summer—in Winter—in Autumn—in Spring—
At morn, when the larks learn to court and to sing—
At night, when the larks give repose to the wing—
In sunshine and shadow—in damp and in fogs—
In rain, when the streets are all turned into bogs,
Only fit to be traversed by mudlarks and hogs—
When the lanes in the country yield mushrooms and frogs—
When pretty feet patter by dozens in clogs—
When men get ill-tempered and growl at their dogs—
When the schoolboy goes late, and the schoolmaster flogs—
How distant soe'er,
So long as they were
Not quite out of sight, you'd be ready to swear,
With your hand on the Bible before the Lord Mayor,
That those boots and those buckskins—those legs and that air—
Could only belong to our friend Mr. Sloggs.

Besides all I've said,
Mr. Sloggs kept a gig—

Though that, by the bye, does 'nt matter a gig—
So therefore I'll say nothing more on that head—

I've only to add,

—It had long been well known—
In fact, since our friend Mr. Sloggs was a lad—
He'd a very large share of that singular bone
Or bump, or what not, at the back of the head,
On which the Phrenologists often have been
Exceedingly witty,—although what they mean
Of course I don't know—for they never have said ;
But this much I'm sure of—and tell it to you,
It has with the Latin verb "*amo*" to do ;

So I think you'll agree

With the Sloggses and me,

That (supposing you are not *too* close in your scan)
Mr. Jupiter Sloggs *was* a *very* nice man.

Mrs. Jupiter Sloggs—I solicit your pardon !—
The task of describing the lady's a hard 'un ;

If I had tho' to weigh

What she was, I should say

She was half *Mrs.* Weller, and half *Mrs.* Varden ;

She made a great feint

Of being a saint,—

Yet scolded so sore,
 Nay—some said that she swore!—
 That you'd think that Religion had little to do
 With this pious blasphemer and sanctified shrew,—
 Inasmuch as religion—I think so—don't you?
 Doth exercise over the temper restraint.

Now this lady, you see—
 As all good saints should be,—
 Was exceedingly partial to scandal and tea—
 (Six shilling Souchong and five ditto Bohea)
 It was hinted by some that she liked something shorter—
 I do not mean *ale*, nor I do not mean *porter*,—
 But one evening her husband, on coming home, caught her
 Discussing a tumbler of *brandy and water*!
 So the world shook its head
 Very gravely, and said—
 “Ah! she tipples—she used to before she was wed.”
 And towards that conclusion appearances led,
 For really her nose was exceedingly red.

But if she *did* drink, why it never could be
 A spot or a stain on her piety;
 For love of the bottle—I speak without bias—
 Has always been known to belong to *the pious*.

Mistake not my meaning, dear Reader! I seek
 Not to utter a sneer on Religion's fair name;
 Could you see the deep flush that suffuses my cheek
 As fearing you think so—the thought I disclaim—
 You'd acquit me at once of so wicked an aim.

When I talk of “the pious”—of that class I speak
 Who use not Religion to bind or to bless,—
 But to threaten free-thinkers with fury and flame,
 And expect God's great love to them nevertheless;
 Whose only Religion it is to profess—
 Whose Piety only consists in the name;
 'Tis to these that I wish to refer, when I say
 That a love for the bottle “*the pious*” display.

I know you'll admit, upon candid review,
 That of worthies like these, the assertion is true.

Imagine a lady of fifty, save one,
 Her weight I forget,—'twas a good many stone—
 Tall, strapping and stout,
 Five feet eight or about,—
 With a very red face and a much redder nose,
 The usual number of fingers and toes,
 A very loose manner of wearing her clothes—
 A huge parasol—and a reticule, made
 So large, that a tablecloth 'twould have conveyed—

A very gay bonnet, and very large clogs—
 A fondness for kittens—a liking for dogs—
 And there's to the life—Mrs. Jupiter Sloggs!

When our friend Mr. Sloggs was in bachelor state,
 A sighing sad Damon in search of a mate—
 There were two willing ladies, both equally kind,
 Who presented their hands and their hearts to his mind :
 The one was the lady
 We've spoke of already,
 Who was twice his own age, and was wilful and heady ;
 But then she had got
 What the other had not,
 A fortune of twelve thousand pounds, and a lot
 Of snug little houses, producing her clear
 An income of nearly five hundred a year.

The other fair lady was just the reverse
 Of the dame whose high merits we've stayed to rehearse ;
 She was pretty, and sprightly, and merry and young,
 Had a kiss asking mouth, and a heart thrilling tongue ;
 She was one of those fairy-like beings who seem
 Less creatures of earth than the shapes of a dream :

 Superfaultless in form
 As an angel of light,
 With a cheek ever warm,
 And an eye ever bright ;

An ancle, O Venus !—O Vestris !—submit !
 They were *equal* to yours, you *yourselves* would admit—
 They surpassed them *I* think, but to judge I'm not fit—
 Because—but I'll say nothing more on this head,
 Or you'll fancy that *I* was in love with the maid
 Instead of our friend Mr. Sloggs, as I've said.

Well, to lay out before ye
 The point of my story—

Mr. Sloggs found at length he *must* choose 'twixt the two,
 And he couldn't conceive what the dickens to do ;
 On the one hand was *money*—on t'other hand *love*—
 One dame was a *dragon*—the other a *dove*—
 The dragon had money—the dove not a sous ;
 So the question at last was resolved into this—
 The old one and wealth, or starvation and bliss ;
 If he married the first his whole fortune was made,
 If the second, he'd have to look out for his bread ;
 Then he said to himself—“ Love's a very fine thing,
 But it don't do to live on—at least not for long ;
 When there's nought in the cupboard, he quickly takes wing,
 And I really don't think that he's much in the wrong ;
 But yet—oh ye Gods ! what a cruel dilemma !
 If I wed her, 'twill break the fond heart of my Emma !

I never could brook
 On her sorrow to look,
 Oh, there's nothing so touching in word or in book,
 There's nothing that bears such a thrilling rebuke,
 As the silent reproach of a woman forsook.
 "Ah! down, rising wish; down, down, busy thought!
 The *old one is old*—but alas! that is nought;
 The old live for ever, I really believe,
 Especially when they've got money to leave;
 If she *would* but be kind enough, if we were wed,
 To take herself off to the world over head,
 If there she's to go—(which I very much doubt)—
 In a month, why the thing could be soon brought about.
 Well, really I think I may venture to say,
 That the chances are certainly rather that way;
 Well, I will!" and so therefore it soon came to pass—
 (For the fair Emma's sake we must needs say alas!)
 Though 'twas p'r'aps the best way his reft feelings to smother,
He married the one, and made love to the other!

Our story begins when this couple had been
 Man and wife for a week,—no, a fortnight I mean.
 On the day when the fortnight expired, there came
 Whilst our friend Mr. Sloggs on some business was out,
 An anonymous letter, addressed to his dame,
 Which put the said dame very much to the rout;
 'Twas couched in strange language, and very ill writ,
 So bad she could scarcely decipher it;
 But the fact it contained was exceedingly clear;—
 Her lord, there was every reason to fear,
 In fact, 'twas said plainly—was frequently seen
 Escorting a lovely young lady in green;
 And the lady appeared not by any means loth,
 For love might be seen on the faces of both.

"Young lady in green!" said the agonized dame,
 And green she herself, as she said it, became;
 "I'll green him, the villain! I'll teach him what 'tis
 To follow the bent of such doings as his!
 I know how to punish such matters as this!
 He shall catch it—and so shall his bit of a miss!"

When her husband came home, she accused him at once,
 A plan she must know would have failed, ere she tried it;
 For although Mr. Sloggs was a bit of a dunce,
 He did—what you might have expected—*denied* it;
 He stoutly maintained that he'd been to the city,
 And he certainly thought it was rather a pity
 That she—just a newly-made wife—should allow
 Such fancies to sway her. 'Twas false, he would vow!
 So the lady perceived she had gone the wrong way;
 No reply could she make—not a word could she say,—
 So she sighed, wept, and finally—fainted away.

Next day, after dinner,
 Friend Sloggs, (wicked sinner !)
 Imagining all his wife's fancies were o'er,
 Took his hat, and went out for a walk, as before,—
 But the fair Mrs. Sloggs,
 Still doubting her lord,
 Donned her bonnet and clogs,
 And then sallied abroad ;
 She followed him long, and with lynx's eye watched him,
 And at last—(I'd say *caught*, but the rhyme suggests)
 “*cotched*” him :

He slackened his pace for a while, and then stopped,
 And then from a neat little cottage there popped—
 (O, Sloggs, you deceiver !) there popped on the scene,
 A beautiful blooming young lady in green.
 Mr. Sloggs gave his hand to the lady—she shook it ;
 Mr. Sloggs gave his arm to her then, and she took it ;
 And then they walked on in this manner awhile,
 Often turning their eyes to each other to smile ;
 And so they went on for a very long way,
 When, somehow or other—how 'twas I can't say,
 The arm of our friend Mr. Sloggs got displaced,
 And found its way round the young lady's green waist.
 Well, here Mrs. Sloggs's rage boiled up in haste,
 And the way to her home in a passion she traced :
 When she reached her own room, up and down it she paced ;
 It was no use to faint—there was nobody there ;
 It was no use to rave or to pluck out her hair ;
 It was no use to scold, or to fume, or to swear ;
 It was no use to give herself up to despair.
 No ! these would all do when her husband came home,
 So she kept down her fury until he should come.

An hour passed on—

Another was gone—

A third, and a fourth, and she still was alone ;
 Such tedious moments she never had known—
 A day seemed compressed into every one.
 At length to the door came a modest rat-tat ;
 “That's him.” The door opened. A pause. “Ann, who's
 that ?”

“A person from Brown's, mum, with master's new hat.”

Well, ere Mrs. Sloggs had recovered this shock,
 There came to the door a more plain double knock ;
 'Twas the villain himself ; but so sweetly he smiled,
 You'd have deemed him as pure as an angel or child ;
 He stepped in,—“Well, dear,”—no reply,—“Well, my dove,”
 —Her head's turned away. “What's the matter, my love ?”
 She replied, “Give me none of your ‘loves,’ and your ‘dears !’
 I'm no ‘dear’ of yours.” Here she burst into tears.

Mr. Sloggs spoke again,—“What on earth do you mean?”
 “Do I mean?” said his wife—“The young lady in green!”
 “What lady?” said he:—“Why, the lady,” she cried,
 “Whom you had all the whole afternoon by your side.”
 Here she sobbed. “My dear creature,” the husband replied,
 “It’s quite a mistake; why, I’ve been to my club,
 And been playing at cribbage, at sixpence a rub!”
 “It’s false!” said the lady, “I saw you with *her*!”
 “With whom?”—“Oh, of course you are innocent, Sir!
 I watched you myself—but I’m wrong, there’s no doubt—
 Why, I saw all you did, from the time you went out;
 I witnessed your meeting,—I saw when you placed
 Your arm round the trumpery creature’s green waist—
 ’Twas my eyes that deceived me!”—“My darling, it was;
 It couldn’t be me—for this reason; because,
 As I said, I have been at my club the whole day,
 As my friend Mr. Smith, if you ask him, will say;
 So do not distress yourself thus, dear, I pray.”
 Hereupon there arose an alarming dispute;
 He called her “My darling,” she called him, “You brute,”
 And a good many more pleasant titles to boot;
 He stoutly maintained he was guiltless, and she
 As stoutly maintained he the culprit must be;
 Till at last they got tired. “Well, darling,” he said,
 “Let us finish this very fine story in bed.”

Now, although Mrs. Sloggs was thus skilfully beat,
 She was not conquered quite, only forced to retreat;
 It was true he denied it, as firmly as ever,
 But she knew, for all that, that he *was* a deceiver;
 The only hard thing that she had to get over,
 Was to *prove* him, as well as to *know* him, a rover.

At length she devised a most excellent plan,
 That could not but catch this uncatchable man:
 I daresay, dear reader, you’ve frequently been
 To the Regent Street Gall’ry of Science, and seen
 That singular sun-limning sort of machine,
 That hits off a picture, or likeness, or scene,
 In colours that seem to be something between
 The delicate hue that’s called ghastly, and green;
 Mrs. Sloggs had a friend who had one of these things,
 And one morning the friend the machine to her brings.

Mr. Sloggs once again takes his hat and goes out,
 And his wife once again tracks his footsteps about;
 The young lady in green takes his arm as before,
 —But imagine things happen the same as before,
 And he once more comes home:—“You didn’t, you say.”—
 “Of course not.”—“Now, Sloggs, don’t deny it, I pray.”—
 “I do, on my honour.”—“You villain, look there.”
 And straightway she draws from the back of her chair
 A something that causes her husband to stare;

'Tis a curious picture, on which is displayed,
 A mixture of sky, clouds, and sunshine and shade,
 And a couple of figures, most clearly portrayed :
 The one is a gentleman, chubby and stout,
 Whose eyes seem to say, as he casts them about,
 That he fears his mamma doesn't know that he's out ;
 And the other's a lady, whose figure and face
 Might be taken as models of beauty and grace ;
 The principal points of the gentleman's dress,
 Are buckskins, that cling like a drowner's caress,
 And boots that look tight and his corns seem to press ;
 And he wears a white hat—and his legs seem—let's see—
 Something like a parenthesis' portrait to be.
 The lady, as far as the hue's to be seen,
 Is clad in a very smart garment of green !
 One hand of the gentleman circles her waist,
 Which seems very much to agree with her taste—
 And the other is grasping the hand she extends,
 And his lips join to hers as she over him bends.

“ What say you to *that* ? ” the enraged lady cried,
 “ Will *that* be disputed—will *that* be denied ?
 Just look at those buckskins—just look at that foot—
 Just look at the patch on the side of that boot ;
 Will you still stand me out I'm mistaken, you sot ?
 Just look at that figure—is that you, or not ? ”

Mr. Sloggs was confused ;

He was pretty well used

To be thus, by his lady's sweet accents, abused,—

But here was proof poz

That a sinner he was,

And 'twas vain to deny it,

For if he should try it,

'Twas perfectly plain he should get nothing by it ;
 Besides, when he looked on the buckskins and tops,
 The pride that he felt in them rose to his chops—
 (I should have said *cheeks*, but the cravings of rhyme
 Compel me to be rather vulgar this time) ;
 And he could not for worlds bring his mind to admit
 That those breeches and boots any other could fit.
 So he said—as a man who's a martyr would say—
 “ It *was* me—make the most of your knowledge, I pray—
 I own it—it isn't worth while to say nay.”
 Mrs. Sloggs—oh ! I grieve the sad scene to display—
 Received his confession with woe and dismay,
 Gave a scream, and then swooned in hysterics away.

But this was the *least* thing he had to endure,
 He wished all his pains were as easy of cure ;
 But when the good dame from her fit was restored,
 It was shocking to hear how she shouted and roared ;

How the first thing she said, to the culprit's surprise,
 Was something unpleasant regarding his eyes;
 To which she annexed—twas the queerest of whims—
 A touching remark with respect to his limbs;
 And when in reply, Mr. Sloggs meekly said,
 "My dear, your a'n't well—let them take you to bed"—
 It was shocking to hear her reply in a rage,
 "Bed be ——" something with which I can't sully my page:
 And then it was still more distressing to hear
 How she put him in torments of bodily fear;—
 She knew how she'd serve him—she'd soon let him know
 What it was to insult her and injure her so,—
 She'd teach him a trick or two—he might rely,—
 She'd teach him to court pretty girls on the sly.—

But the worst of the story I've yet to unfold;
 Although Mrs. S., when Sloggs wed her was *old*—
 Which he reckoned upon, as already I've told—
 Yet she lived in her husband's misfortune to glory,
 Just thirty-five years from the date of the story.

I've two or three *morals* I wish to convey;
 Dear Reader!—they'll serve you as lights to your way;—
 Ye are novices, p'r'aps, in affairs of the heart—
 These two or three morals will wisdom impart;
 They are hints that in courtship 'tis useful to know,
 They will help you to walk in the way you should go.

The first is: *Don't marry an elderly wife*;—
 If you do, you may reckon on sorrow and strife,
 Contention and woe, all the days of your life,—
 You'd better by far cut your throat with a knife.

The second is: *Never court two at a time*;
 For—to say not a word of its being a *crime*—
 You will find it exceedingly hard to maintain
 Two different faces with only one brain;
 And unless you are careful of what you're about,
 Some fine day or other—there can't be a doubt—
 Your double-faced dealings will all be found out.

The third,—and it is the most weighty by far—
 I trust you will make it your guiding star—
 Your pivot of all that's connected with love,
 The centre round which all your thoughts and words move:—
 Observe it—and then you'll be safe and secure;
 Neglect it—your ruin and sorrow are sure;
 I conjure you to heed it—I pray—I entreat,—
 It is this—mark it well!—*Never kiss in the street.*

YOUNG PHIZ.

PRISON DISCIPLINE—THE PENITENTIARY SYSTEM.

No. II.

HAVING in our last number given a sketch of this system, to show its constituent character, and fundamental principles, it now becomes our duty to describe the power by which it is put into action ; inasmuch as it is evident that the public mind ought to be enlightened to the utmost upon a question so highly important to society, as the extensive changes which have already been made, and are still in progress, throughout the whole system of our criminal jurisprudence.

Having already pointed out the great difference between the two systems of prison discipline in America, namely, that of Auburn, on the model of which are established the penitentiaries of Sing Sing, in New York, Wethersfield, in Connecticut, Boston, in Massachusetts, Baltimore, in Maryland, &c., and that of Cherry-hill, the state prison of Pennsylvannia, in which total seclusion with labour is the fundamental principle of its constitution, we shall now show how they are administered.

The ADMINISTRATION of power by which each of these establishments is put into action, is regulated by three inspectors, who have the higher control and moral government of the prison ; under these officers is placed a warden or superintendent, whose authority is in general very extensive : the next officer is an accountant and secretary, to manage the financial part of the institution, and then a proper number of under-agents and keepers.

At Auburn, Sing Sing, Wethersfield, and Philadelphia, the superintendent is named by the inspectors ; in Boston, by the governors ; in Connecticut, the inspectors are appointed by the legislative body ; in Massachusetts, by the state governor ; and in Pennsylvania, by the supreme court ; but in every case the warrant which nominates the superintendent is revocable at will. The inspectors at Wethersfield and Philadelphia perform their functions *gratuitously* ; and in the other prisons only a very moderate remuneration is required, not more, in fact, than will cover their ordinary expenses. This is a remarkable feature in the system ; and another well worthy of our attention, if not of our imitation, is, that the most distinguished men in society (senators and magistrates) seek this employment as a favour.

The most important office in the prison is, doubtless, that of the superintendent, and this post is always confided to men distinguished by their fitness, honourable conduct, knowledge, and capacity ; but these gentlemen have a much higher authority to obey than that which appoints them—before which they are strictly amenable, and which, in free nations, is stronger than all others—we mean public opinion. For in North America these penitentiaries, as well as the ordinary prisons, are considered common property, and, therefore, are open to all who choose to inspect them. The penitentiary of Philadelphia is the only exception to this rule, as to seeing the convicts, because such visits would interfere with the principle of absolute silence upon which that system is founded ; but those who have visited these

abodes of the guilty, must recognize the good order that reigns within them. Instead of avoiding the public eye, the superintendents and inspectors render a faithful account annually, either to the legislature, or governor of the State; their reports combine statements of the moral as well as financial condition of each prison; in these are pointed out the existing abuses, with the remedy required or proposed. These reports are printed and published by order of Congress, and then every one may comment upon them. The journals reprint them carefully, and by these means there is not an inhabitant of that vast territory who may not know exactly how the prisons of his country are governed, or who may not, by his knowledge and his fortune, assist in their improvement; a general interest is thus excited, which causes a perpetual vigilance to be exercised by the officers employed in these prisons, as well as a zeal and extreme circumspection which they would not possess if they were shaded from public view, as such persons generally are in Europe.

DISCIPLINARY MEANS.—We shall now see how the system acts in its internal organization, or the means by which its power is maintained.

On the arrival of a prisoner, he is visited by a physician, who certifies to the state of his health: they then give him a bath, cut his hair quite close, and put on him a suit of the prison uniform; and if at Cherry-hill, the Philadelphia Penitentiary, the convict is immediately conducted to his solitary cell, out of which he never moves during his term of imprisonment; in this place he works, feeds, and sleeps; and the construction of the cell is so complete that there is no occasion for him to leave it.

At AUBURN, and the other prison on the same model, the prisoners are subjected to a system essentially different in some respects from that just described; in these, the culprit, after similar ceremonies as those just mentioned, is at first, but only for a few days, plunged into complete solitude, which soon tames the most refractory felon, who petitions early for some sort of employment to relieve him from the horrors with which he is surrounded; this favour is readily conceded, and he is then summoned from his cell to labour in the workshop.

The system is worthy of attention. At break of day the bell tolls, the gaolers open the cell doors, and the convicts arrange themselves in lines under their respective keepers, march into the square, halt and wash themselves; thence they proceed to the workshops, and commence their labours, which are never interrupted except at the times of breakfast and dinner, when the prisoners are collected in a large refectory; but this mode of feeding the convicts is not generally adopted, as for instance, at Sing Sing, and some others on its plan, the felons retire into their cells and take their food separately. This last rule is thought preferable to that of Auburn, which is inconvenient, and might be dangerous.

At the close of day the work ceases, and the convicts are marched back to their solitary cells for the night. Their rising in the morn, their entry into the workshops, their repasts and retiring to rest, all proceed under a profound silence; and in these vast buildings scarcely any sound is heard, except that of the feet in marching, and

the ordinary noises incident to the tools and materials used in working. When the day's work is over, and the unhappy men have re-entered their solitary cells, the silence which reigns within the vast area of these massive walls, where so many hundreds of criminals are confined, resembles that of a cemetery. Many persons have visited during the night those gloomy and vaulted galleries, where the solitary lamp throws its dubious light upon the scene; and it appears as if you were traversing the catacombs, for strange as it may appear, there are generally 1000 human beings confined within this spacious enclosure, and yet it seems to be a perfect solitude!

The same routine is observed every day; in these prisons there is no distinction of persons, all the convicts are treated exactly in the same way; their food is plain, wholesome, and in sufficient quantity; neither spirituous nor fermented liquors are allowed in them; water is their only drink; convicts who possess property are no better off than the others; and those horrid abuses, called "canteens," are utterly prohibited as being the very sinks of grossness and immorality; it would be in the highest degree unjust as well as cruel to restrict a poor prisoner to the diet and usages of the prison, and yet allow perhaps a greater felon, who possessed wealth, to feast in extravagance, as has been so often the case in England, France, and other countries.

The treadmill, so common in English prisons, is never used in those of America; the people of the latter country do not see what good can be effected by machinery moved solely by the mechanical force of the prisoners, without calling out even the smallest share of ingenuity, or causing any exertion of the mind. This mere physical employment, they say, barely prevents absolute idleness, but it is quite barren of any power to improve the prisoners. Instead of this cumbrous and unprofitable machine, the criminals in North America are taught a knowledge of useful trades; their work is generally valued to a contractor, who pays a certain price for each day's work, and who takes all that is manufactured by the prisoner. The bedding and clothes are generally supplied by the superintendent, who makes the contracts for such matters, and by having these things manufactured by the prisoners, much bargaining is avoided.

At Auburn, Sing Sing, and Boston, the diet of the convicts is supplied by a contract which can only last one year, and there is a separate contractor for each species of goods manufactured in the prison. This management prevents any individual from gaining any undue influence, nor can a contractor upon any pretence interfere with the discipline of the prison. He must not speak to those confined except to teach them some part of the business for which he is engaged, and even then it must be done in presence of a keeper.

In surveying carefully these various establishments, one cannot avoid being forcibly struck with the ardour, and often talents, with which the convicts carry on their work; and what renders their zeal altogether surprising, is, that they act without the ordinary excitements of personal interest. We know that in the greater part of the European gaols, where labour is permitted, a part of the profits of the work is given to the prisoners; but nothing of this kind is allowed in

America. In that country the principle is in its full force which states that "criminals owe all they can earn to society as some indemnification for the expenses of their imprisonment;" and on their release there is not any settlement of accounts with them for the work they have done, they merely receive the gift of a decent suit of clothes, and a few dollars sufficient to enable them to arrive at the place where they propose to reside. An exception to this rule is Baltimore prison; here the plan is to allot the prisoners task-work by hours, and when that is finished, they may employ the remainder of the day in working for their own profit. Formerly they were even allowed to indulge in the very bad practice of laying out their earnings in what are called "good things" or comforts; their labour at that time was more profitable, and the evils of this tolerance showed itself in being destructive to all kind of discipline; the indulgences were, therefore, all suppressed, and these surplus earnings remain unpaid until the release of the prisoner.

But perhaps the most remarkable fact in the history of these penitentiaries, and a strong proof of the force with which the system acts upon the human mind, is, that *the female prisoners have been brought to a state of absolute silence* quite as much as the males! It is, indeed, the universal belief still, out of the United States, and this belief is founded no doubt upon centuries of experience, that it would be extremely difficult to invent, or effectually apply to women any system founded upon the basis of *absolute silence*. Yet the experience they have had at Wethersfield, where the females have submitted like the others to the strictness of cellular solitude during night, of absolute silence during the day, clearly proves that though the task is exceedingly difficult, it is not quite insurmountable; as to their numbers, however, there are very few females in proportion to the males in these places, which is owing to the very few crimes they commit; and as they occupy so small a space in those prisons, no doubt the management of the *silent system* as regards them is not so formidable as if this class were numerous.

THE DISCIPLINARY MEANS.—These at Philadelphia are as simple as the system,—the critical moment is that of the culprit's first entrance into prison. The solitary cell of the criminal appears to him during several days to be full of strange phantoms,—agitated by his fears—a prey to numberless torments, he falsely accuses society of injustice and cruelty, and whilst in this distracted state of mind he often sets at defiance the orders that are given him, and rejects every sort of consolation. The only chastisement permitted by the rules of the prison in this stage of confinement, is for the culprit to be shut up in a dark cell, and his food reduced; this rarely fails to bring the refractory prisoner to a state of perfect submission. When at length he has become more reconciled to the first impressions made by solitude, and has overcome the terrors which impelled him to despair—when he has been self-examined in his solitary abode, weighed down by remorse of conscience, and mental agitations,—the most formidable of those malefactors become quite subdued, and seek in labour to find some relief from their woes;—from that moment the felon is vanquished, and the most hardened offender against the laws of society submits quietly to

the rules of his prison during the term of his confinement. In the other prisons, those upon the congregative system, corporal chastisements are allowed to be inflicted upon those who break through the rules of silence, or for refusing to work ; but here it is not a task of difficulty to be silent to him who is quite alone, and labour, or sufficient occupation, is never rejected by those to whom it is their only consolation.

Such is the system of prison discipline pursued at the Pennsylvania Penitentiary (Cherry-hill), which our readers will easily perceive differs in many essential points of practice from the system pursued in all the other penitentiary prisons of that country which we have enumerated. The moral and physical effects of each of these systems upon the convicts we shall give in our next number ; that subject is well worthy of serious consideration, exhibiting to us, as it does, practical lessons for our own executive government in the construction and administration of the proposed penitentiary prisons in Great Britain and Ireland, which are about to be established, instead of our present inefficient, and indeed demoralizing gaols and modes of imprisonment.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FITZROY PIKE.

CHAPTER XII.

Relates how my Father made his first Appearance in the Precincts of Fashion—and how he engaged a House suitable to his altered Circumstances.

BOB PIKE, ESQUIRE, the reader may perhaps recollect, was wheeled out of sight three or four chapters since, in a hackney coach, wherein he had deposited himself at my Aunt Tabitha's door, and in which, in the plenitude of visionary magnificence, he had directed his person to be wafted to Belgrave Square. Ill-natured individuals, who are ever ready to put the worst construction on their neighbours' conduct, ill-natured individuals would say that my father assigned to himself so aristocratic a destination for the mere purpose of display, but I sincerely believe that such was not the case ; on points of gentility my father's imagination was above the common run, and fully equal, I am sure, to the task of persuading him, in a moment of confusion, that he, whose whole nature was aristocratic—whose dress was aristocratic—whose mind was aristocratic—whose figure was aristocratic—whose predilections, and whose manners, and whose prospects were aristocratic, possessed also an aristocratic abode. My father, first seated in the hackney coach, as a matter of course, fancied himself in possession of a carriage, until he was sufficiently calmed to perceive a certain frowsy smell, commingled with the odour of straw, which very forcibly reminded him of the real state of the case. The next thought turned to the orders he had given ; it was certainly a circuitous route, to take Belgrave Square in the way from Vauxhall to Camberwell—and, yet, what was he to do ? Should he pull the checkstring and inform Jarvey that he had made a slight

mistake; that, instead of Belgrave Square, he wished to be driven to No. 6, China Vase Parade, Montpelier Avenue, Camberwell? the antithesis was most distressing! Should he get out at the Square, make believe to call on a friend, and then drive on to the Parade? in that case he might, certainly, pass current as a poor relation going to solicit aid; that was degradation. What was to be done? how was his native dignity to be preserved? After cogitation almost as long as the journey itself, a plan was fixed: he would alight in the aristocratic regions, pretend they were his home, dismiss the coach, and wander in search of another, by which to leave the realms that he adored, a denizen thereof, to visit a humble friend—he need not say it was his wife—in Camberwell. Alas, that monkeys should be allowed to destroy schemes so ingenious and magnificent! But I must not moralize, least of all on monkeys, lest I offend the rising generation, for whose instruction and example morals are made, and monkeys particularly fostered.

The tired horses which conveyed the genteel burden of my respected father, were on the point of jerking the lumbering vehicle behind them round the corner into Belgrave Square, when Bob Pike, Esquire, thrusting his head out of the window, addressed their driver:—

“Holla! ho!—Coachman!—you needn’t drive up to my door, I’ll delight here.”

The coach stopped accordingly, the descending driver shook the vehicle, the door was opened, the steps came clattering down, and jarvey touched his hat as my father “delighted.”

“I can walk the rest of the way,” said my father, suiting action to the word; “my neighbours wouldn’t like a hackney coach in the Square.”

“Fare, if you please, sir.”

“Oh,—ah! I forgot;” and my father put his hand to his coat pocket behind, feeling for his purse. Alas! alas! with two tails to his coat he had left home that morning,—one was still there, it contained his scented *mouchoir*; the other had contained his purse, but that was fled, leaving only a jagged remnant, a miserable stump. There was another circumstance which the reader may remember, not worth recalling, that rendered the loss of a coat tail exceedingly annoying. My father reddened.

“That’s the brute of a monkey!” cried he; “I felt him a-pulling at it. Well! well! it a’n’t genteel to swear, but d—, no, I mustn’t swear! Coachman, I’m a victim; I’m—I’ve a good mind to swear!—The fact is, I’ve got no money; I wish it was genteel to swear! howsoever,—*damn* the monkey!—now it’s out, and I’m easy. I’ve got no money, but if you’ll give me your address I’ll call and pay.”

The jarvey whistled, put his forefinger in parallel juxtaposition with his nose, pointed over his left shoulder, folded his arms, and standing resolute as an imperative consul, replied with simple pathos:—
“Valker!”

“True as Bob!” cried my father; “I am a member of the genteel suckles of society;—I’m a—hear me, coachman,—I’m a resiliary legatee!”

“Well!”

"Well!—don't you know wot that sinnifies? I'm the fort'nate possessor of money untold. I'm a man you may trust."

The coachman, however, remaining still immovable, looked at my father's soiled habiliments and tail-less coat, crying with a stern voice: "Gammon!"

"Well, then," cried the disconsolate Bob, "I'll tell you what:—the tail of my coat is at Woxhall, where you took me up; Miss Jones's monkey's got it,—if you'll call and ask for it as you go home, you'll find my purse in the pocket and ten sovereigns; you may have one if you'll bring the rest to my house at—No, you may have 'em all!"

My father added this latter generous clause to prevent the necessity of disclosing his real address, but jarvey looked upon it as an additional proof that it was intended to offer him up at the shrine of gammon.

"I tells you vot, old feller," said he, at the same time deliberately eyeing his unhappy fare, "if you don't fork four bob, I'll take four bobs' worth o' shine out of your fizzogogglemy—that's what it is!"

Now when the speaker squared his fists, and looked exceedingly ferocious in elucidation of this phraseology, my father (who, as I have said, was a powerful man,) felt sorely tempted to accede to this method of settling the account: "I'd be very happy to wop you, young man," said he, with a patronizing glance; "but unfort'nitly it a'n't genteel. It's no use, now, your looking so ferocious ugly; I'm a going to pay! look here—here's my seals, wots got the famerly arms engraved—three taters in a coal-scuttle proper, surmounted by a *chapeau de coal-heavère*; punning motto, 'Coke for Cook:' now you take this here to the pawnbroker's, and bring me ten shillings and a duplicate—d'you hear?"

"It ar'n't gold," said the critical coachman; "it's only a twopenny catch."

"It is gold," said my father; "you go and see!"

"You won't run away vith the coach? Here, you boy, jist you come and mind my cattle, and see as this feller don't run off, will you."

Accordingly, having delivered over my father and the two horses to the supervision of a little screaming ragamuffin, who had remained silent awhile to listen, with others, to the dispute, jarvey hastened to the nearest pawnbroker's, whence he soon returned, perfectly satisfied. My father having received the duplicate and the difference, departed in search of a cab, with sad reflections. Sad, indeed, were his reflections; he—the elegant—the genteel, had become a man of wealth; yet on the very day that made him so, he stood within the precincts of fashion, tattered, scorned, compelled to pawn the arms he hoped to embellish, for the satisfaction of an obstinate and incredulous coachman. Accident put Bob Pike, Esq. on the road to misfortune; the desire prematurely to vindicate his new title to respect, completed his discomfiture. My father felt that his folly was to blame, and, with natural honesty, confessed to himself that his unfair pretensions had been rightly punished: as a penance, he took care to inform the cabman who drove him to China Vase Parade, that he was going home, utterly discarding the grandiloquent story of poor relations, invented under peculiar circumstances, and which he now looked upon

as unworthy of his usually open and honourable character for Bob Pike, Esq., in general, was by no means a pretender; far—very far from it. He firmly believed that “gentility” was a gift conferred upon him by beneficent Nature, and the impulses on which he acted, often, perhaps, absurd, came at any rate from the heart,—fresh, warm, and honest.

Arriving home at about five o'clock, my father dined, and thereafter sat in expectation, awaiting the promised call from the former messenger of good luck. The stranger in due time came, and a consultation of course ensued, the result of which alone was intelligible to the party concerned; to wit, that a sum of money was deposited in the Bank of England, to be payable to his cheque, and that, in a very short time, the whole bulk of his brother's property would be placed at his disposal.

It was on the second day after this that I and Tom Briton, having parted from the author of the “Flippant Flagstone,” wended our way, according to an intention expressed at the close of the last chapter, towards the residence of my respected father. We had, however, scarcely turned the corner of Montpelier Avenue, on our way to China Vase Parade, before we met the object of our search advancing towards us. If I may make the assertion without a libel on his habitual gentility, my father looked unusually respectable, being dressed in a new suit of complete mourning. My mother, also in black, was leaning upon his arm, and they were trudging vigorously along, bent, apparently, on some business expedition.

“Fitzroy, my boy,” cried my father, “I'm glad to meet you; where did you hide yourself yesterday? Susan, my dear, allow me to interduce you to Mr. Briton: Susan, Mr. Briton; Mr. Briton, Susan—that is, Mrs. Pike, my wife.”

This business settled, the purpose of the present journey was discussed; my respected parents were bound for Park Lane, to look over a house that my father had discovered to be vacant, and a card to view which he had obtained on the previous day. Here, should the house suit his ideas of genteel accommodation, my father intended to fix his abode; Belgrave Square, his favourite quarter, being, by late events, placed out of the question. We having consented to join the exploring party, in order to lend the aid of our valuable opinions, and my mother being already out of breath, through the rapid walking of her consort, we all took a conveyance that set us down at our destination.

And then the house was looked over, and, as it was already furnished, it promised, should my father take it, to save him a world of trouble. The furniture, too, was very splendid, and so far Bob Pike, Esq. was delighted; there was abundance of crimson and gold throughout, and there was a large library, too, with a window of rich stained glass, and books so handsomely bound, that my father was half tempted to sit down and not stir till he had read them all, they looked so very inviting. My mother, too, thought the easy chair very soft, and expressed her opinion that, if they took the house, there would be no occasion to have the old chair stuffed, as this one might be moved into the sitting room; my father, on the other hand, vowed that it should

remain in the library, or if not, how was he to sleep? he had heard that libraries were intended to take a nap in during the day, and that they were therefore provided always with easy chairs, and that the books were added to promote somnolence.

"This house," said Bob Pike, Esq. to the housekeeper in charge, "this house is all very well, but there's one thing as is efficient;—one very necessary thing I can't find nowhere: short and long is, it don't contain any articles of virtue."

"Any what, sir?"

"Articles of virtue, my dear, possessed by all patterns of the fine arts; p'rhaps you are not aware that I means to be a virtuous O."

The housekeeper never before having heard the characteristic of virtue or vice ascribed to any letters of the alphabet, was astounded; and still more so when my father followed up his remarks by inquiring whether any virtuous i's resided in the neighbourhood; as he, being a virtuous O, would find it convenient to cultivate their acquaintance.

"My dear sir," said Tom Briton, "if you wish to become a virtuoso, it would be more desirable that, by the assistance of a clever agent, you should make your own collection of articles of *virtu*."

"May be so," replied my father, "may be so. Well, I think I'll take the house; my present persition in society, however, will make it petiklar desirable that I should keep company ekal to the gentility of my spear, I shouldn't like neither to get into a bad neighbourhood, so p'r'aps you'll let me know who lives next door."

"The house on this side, sir, belongs to Lord Varadaine."

"That sounds krek," observed my father; "Bob Pike, Esq., Park Lane, next door to Lord Varadaine; genteel and poetical; why Fitzroy—Mr. Briton, what's the matter? you looks at each other as if you was acquainted with the name; do you know my lord?"

"Something about him."

"Know something! Do you know any thing of his friends?"

"Unhappily not. We know his daughter."

"Oho!" cried my father, looking uncommonly acute, "see what it is to raise one's famerly to a genteel persition! here's my Fitzroy in love with a lord's daughter!"

"My dear father!"

"Don't be ashamed! why shouldn't you? A'n't you my posteritor? a'n't that enough to make you ekal to the glorious match? O, Susan, ar'n't you happy? here's only two days we've had a fortun', and already my son's engaged to be married to a lord's daughter!"

"My dear father, allow me to explain:—she's married."

"What, you've married her clandestine! were you afeard I wouldn't consent to the hymneal bones? Did you think I shouldn't be content? I forgives you, Fitzroy, although I certainly should have perferred a marching-ass."

"I may bless your eyes yet with a marchioness," replied I, smiling; "I am not married."

"That's right, my boy! the red-speck-tability of your father will ortherize you to turn up your nose at a lord's daughter; for what am I?

Am I not the fort'nate inheritor of countless wealth, a member of *ho tone*, and a ornament to genteel society? No, no!—take my advice; keep a sharp eye among the duchesses—their's best."

Having imparted to me this valuable piece of advice, my father called the housekeeper, who had retired when she found private topics under discussion, and inquired touching his other neighbour. Hearing that he was denominated the Honourable Asinus Box, my father expressed himself perfectly satisfied as to the "gentility" of the position in which the house rejoiced; and, having decided to avail himself of the permission to take immediate possession, drew on his gloves, sent me to search for his cane, which had been left in some unknown room, and then offering his arm to my mother, directed his course once more towards China Vase Parade, the home so soon to be deserted.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Snibs, to prepare himself for my Aunt's grand Party, visits the Mile End Assembly Room.—My Father enters upon his New Establishment, and receives a Visiter.

By four o'clock in the afternoon, the hour appointed, I and Tom Briton had returned to our hotel, where we found Mr. Snibs anxiously awaiting our arrival; not, perhaps, for the love he bore ourselves, but for the affection he exhibited towards anything in the shape of dinner. If ever man wanted his dinner, Mr. Snibs did on that day; I do not mean to say that, on any occasion, he would have been very willing to dispense with that meal, but *then* less than ever. Mr. Snibs was thoroughly wearied. Whether it was that Walter Pump's recital of the first scenes of the "Flippant Flagstone" had caused such a variety of violent emotions as, in the end, to leave their sufferer faint and weary as a victim after the pangs of torture, or whether there was a want of such emotions, are questions open to investigation by the inquiring mind; it is enough for me, a humble chronicler of my own adventures, to inform all those who may be kind enough to read my narrative, that Mr. Snibs was very tired, that he expressed a wish to drown all Pumps at the bottom of the sea, particularly such as possessed a spouting tendency; and he devoutly prayed that the Pump particularly under censure might never recover from the hoarseness which he had acquired by reading to Mr. Snibs, during four successive mortal hours, extracts, prosaic and poetical, from the vast variety of literary scraps which filled up his cupboards, to the total exclusion of bread, cheese, and such-like delicacies, for which the said cupboards had been originally intended.

With such plaintive lamentations as these did Mr. Snibs occupy our attention during the period of dinner, and for some time afterwards, until sundry potations of wine had considerably refreshed his body, and tampered a little with his intellectual faculties. Tom Briton then began to talk of the steamboat quadrille, and of Dorothea Jones, her love of dancing, of Signor Vigenzo, and similar topics, until matters went so far, that a coach was called to convey us to Charles Street, Mile End, where Professor Vigenzo, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, met those who, under his superintendence, aspired to the delights

and honours of the dance. Although Mr. Snibs was the only one who went as a pupil, Tom Briton and I, who were so naturally anxious for his advancement, could not resist the temptation of being present to watch his progress; and, accordingly, at eight o'clock, the hour fixed on the back of his card, we were at the door of Signor Vigenzo's Mile End Assembly Room. The Mile End Assembly Room was of considerable size, and decorated by the first artists; that is to say, the walls were divided into panels, in each of which was painted a vase of (antediluvian) flowers. There was a gas chandelier in the centre, and a little gallery, which contained the fiddlers on ball nights, at one end. There was a long and broad surface of floor, bounded, next the wall, by a short allowance of narrow forms; on these forms, when we entered, were seated about twenty individuals, men and boys, styled in the circulars "gentlemen," who received instruction on select evenings; and in the centre stood Signor Vigenzo, superintending the steps of a baker's man, who had indued his Sunday's coat over a white floured (not flowered) waistcoat and corduroys. Mrs., Madame, or Signora V. stood beside her husband, and, on beholding Mr. Snibs, came forward to receive him as a guest fully expected. By her we were introduced to the Signor. Signor Vigenzo (the "Wiggins" of olden time) looked uncommonly like an ape; he had very thick, bushy, black hair, and expansive black whiskers, that united under his chin. His face was marked by small-pox; his body diminutive; he was encased in a blue coat and brass buttons, a white satin waistcoat, and light blue trousers; one hand held a fiddle and the other a fiddle-stick, as he gracefully bowed to Mr. Snibs.

"What's your terms for dancing, Mister?" inquired Mr. Snibs.

"Quarter's tuition—"

"I don't want quarter's tuition,"—here Mr. Snibs led the Signor aside; "my case, you see, is this: I have a natural genius and taste for dancing, and a very few lessons would suffice to make me master of the artificial decorations added by the rules of society,—you understand."

"Perfectly," replied the Signor, with a bow.

"Very well. By Thursday week I wish to learn some little horn-pipe or so,—something touching and pathetic; there will be four lessons; will you teach me? and what's your charge?"

"In four lessons for half a guinea," replied the Signor, "I shall be able to make you proficient. There is a little graceful dance just out which I will show you; I think it would exactly suit your purpose."

Here Signor Vigenzo started off into the centre of the room, and commenced a series of antics and attitudes which made him look more like an ape than ever.

Tom Briton began to talk about "poetry of motion," and Mr. Snibs began to compare half sovereigns with half guineas, deciding in the end that the former was the coin to be paid, and the latter made only to be received; and that if Signor Vigenzo would take ten shillings for his instructions, instead of ten shillings and sixpence, he, Mr. Snibs, should be delighted to become his pupil, and learn the graceful dance then being executed. When Wiggins (dear! dear! how the

pen slips!—when Signor Vigenzo) had concluded his evolutions, he came forward to receive applause.

“Very good,” said Mr. Snibs, with a critical air; “ten shillings, then?”

“— And sixpence.”

“O no,”—and then followed a dispute, neither party conceding an inch, until Tom Briton settled the matter by proposing that Mr. Snibs should pay the odd sixpence on condition that Signor Vigenzo should teach the said Snibs how to finish the dance by kissing any lady, as a part of the performance, in the most graceful manner possible. This proposition gave universal satisfaction; Mr. Snibs already touched in anticipation the lips of Dorothea Jones, and the Signor illustrated on his wife so much to the general taste, that the baker’s man, who had been unceremoniously deserted on our entrance, and who considered such usage highly disrespectful, forgot for the moment his discontent, and exclaimed with rapturous enthusiasm, that it was “jolly good!”

“Now, sir,” said the Signor, “perhaps you will do me the favour to walk round the room.”

Mr. Snibs, accordingly, showed his paces, and waddled round amid general applause.

“Excellent, sir; you will now oblige me by going round with me.” Signor Vigenzo thereupon stationed himself beside his obese pupil, and scraping time with his fiddle, commenced a march with him, side by side; when they had advanced a little way—

“Now,” said the Signor, “One, two, three, HOP!” and the master hopped, and the pupil hopped, and they went on again: “One, two, three, HOP; One, two, three, HOP;” One, two, three, hop; one, two, three hopping, with constantly accelerating motion, round the “Mile End Assembly Room.”

After this, Mr. Snibs was to be inducted into the mystery of steps, but this he positively refused: it was perfectly useless, he said; he could do steps off-hand: if the Signor would divide his dance into three parts, he would learn a part in each of the first three evenings, and employ the fourth in uniting the whole, practising the kiss, and arriving at perfection. The Signor would dance now the first of the three parts over and over again until his pupil was familiarized with the movement, and then he would try to imitate, and practise it in a corner, while Signor attended to his other pupils. So it was arranged.

* * * * *

Fancy a week fled. It is not much to ask. Who are you, reader, that have never yet so employed your imagination? Are you a school-boy or a school-girl, and have never, one week before the holidays, imagined that short time fled, and seated yourself in fancy by the Christmas fire-side at home, playing at riddles and forfeits? Are you a lover, and have never annihilated time by wholesale; destroying in fancy every second for weeks or months before an expected meeting with the adorable? O ye lovers! noted time-killers, why do I question *you*? Perhaps, reader, you are discreet in years; have anticipated the return of an absent son or daughter, the appointed meeting with some old friend of youth, or the payment of a tailor’s bill, and

hear for a week before-hand single knocks at the door such as none but a tailor's hand can execute. Perhaps you are a critic, and this leaf trembles in your grasp; to you I am silent, lest you criticize what I might suggest. Are you stricken in years, and have never fancied how you should feel, perhaps a week hence, on the bed of death? O, who so dull as never to fancy a short week fled? Whoso answers "I," need read no farther; but the imaginative friend who can oblige me by skipping, is requested, while he is about it, to stretch a little farther and fancy himself before the home of my childhood—No. 6, China Vase Parade.

What will he see? The green gate and the gravel walk; the green door and the brass knocker; but the brass plate, with B. PIKE, Esq., upon it, like its owner, gone. There was always a great deal of sympathy between those two ornaments of society,—I mean my father and his brass plate,—more than may at first sight appear. At eleven in the morning the brass plate was highly polished, and so was my father; for then, in his genteel trim, he started forth on his first daily perambulation. Towards evening the polish was less glaring on the plate; then, too, my father, in the sanctity of his home, would, in a great measure, be content to delight his wife's eyes with a dimmer brilliance. And Bob Pike loved the brass plate, and the brass plate loved my father; and proved its love by informing all who passed by, in vaunting phrase, that it kept guard on the dwelling of BOB PIKE, Esq. When my father left, the plate went too; but the plate was unscrewed at leaving, so was my father,—he could not have thought how tightly he was fastened to the old house—how much he should be unscrewed at leaving it! Where the brass plate had been, there was an unsightly vacancy—so also where Bob Pike had been, was desolation now: the windows were without blinds or curtains; empty rooms could be seen through every pane of glass save one, and that was blocked up by a staring bill, advertising "This House to Let." Yes: the old occupant was gone; gone, and his brass plate with him; gone to Park Lane, where the plate, not being permitted to face the street, was screwed on to his bedroom door.

This removal had been effected during the week we have skipped, and much other business had been done: lawyer's business, which it is quite pleasant to get over.

It has already been said that my father took his house in the Lane ready furnished; but, servants not being catalogued among the furniture, he found himself, on taking possession, entirely without an establishment, excepting only the old housekeeper and the maid-of-all-work that he had brought with him from Camberwell. The housekeeper received a *carte blanche* to engage necessary domestics, but was, unfortunately, so very difficult to please, that it seemed doubtful whether it was at all possible for her to be suited. My mother would joyfully have taken the management of affairs, but entreated permission in vain; for Bob Pike, Esq. had discovered the fine lady's part, which it would now be her duty to enact, and had told her to do nothing; to be perfectly passive (for action is exceedingly vulgar); to speak only common-place in a drawling accent; to be always in delicate health, reclining on a sofa; highly nervous, &c.; to my mother, ro-

bust and active, all this seemed very absurd ; but she was good-tempered enough to humour her beloved spouse, and, accordingly, reposed all day upon a sofa, wondering when she would be permitted to "rout about," and, weary of wonderment, to doze away and dream of rolling-pins and pie-crust.

On the first day after my father had taken possession, I was sitting in his library, listening to a long tale of the plans he was going to adopt, (most of which will be related in their proper places,) when we were disturbed by the entrance of a visiter, whom the housekeeper announced as the Hon. Asinus Box.

This individual was a young man, (of two or three and twenty perhaps,) a perfect living specimen of the species to which he belonged. Being addicted to rather dissipated courses, and living, therefore, at considerable expense, it is not to be expected that his means should have sufficed also to clothe him decently. It was for this reason, doubtless, that his garments were of coarse material. He wore trousers that looked very much as if they had been made out of one of his mother's flannel petticoats,—although he and all his race would have been most indignant at the accusation;—his coat was rough as a bear's hide, and furnished with large horn buttons something larger than a crown-piece. The use of these buttons I always attribute to three combined reasons:—1st, because they are worn by the lower classes of coachmen—a race so far superior to some young nobles and all town blackguards, that the two last-named are happy to make them rules of copy: 2ndly, because the material, like the rest of the clothing, is cheap; and 3dly, they are made very large, in order that, should by any misfortune one of them fall off, the owner might have no difficulty in finding it again, since the loss would be almost insurmountable. The Hon. Asinus Box brushed his hair down the sides of his face in imitation of whiskers; and, at the expense of a quart or two of Rowland's Macassar, which he bought wholesale, he had succeeded in bringing to light a few refractory hairs on his upper lip, which, taken together, represented almost the ghost of a moustachio. The Hon. Asinus Box had large, hard and horny hands that would have thrown Byron into convulsions; but then boxing, rowing, and driving teams *will* affect even the most delicate. The Hon. A. B. had "no speculation in his eyes," certainly, if speculation be considered as having anything to do with reason or judgment; but if speculation be confined to cards, dice, and betting, his eyes belied the truth in saying he had none. The Hon. A. B.—(which initials an American friend declares to be representative of an "Almighty Blackguard")—the Hon. A. B. was by no means ignorant; he understood the practical application of classical knowledge,—swore frequently, like a pious Roman, by Jove or by Jupiter; and could tell you tales of many a Venus quite mythological to hear. In addition to this, he was as thoroughly acquainted as every humane nobleman should be with the manners and habits of the lower classes, even to the very lowest, and proved he knew them well by a faithful imitation. His pastime consisted in the petty larceny of bell-handles and door-knockers,—an amusement containing so much refined and exquisite wit, that it escapes the conception of beings less etherealized than

the actual perpetrators: moreover, the Hon. A. B.——Stay! the description of him has occupied so much of our time, that we will not concede him another syllable, unless it be to add that he wore a four and ninepenny hat a little battered, smoked mild havannahs, and carried a thick knotted bludgeon, with which he now jocosely patted my father on the back as he addressed him:—

“Hollo, old covey,” cried this interesting sprig of aristocracy; “you’re our new next door, a jolly chap, by Jove! how are you, my hearty?”

My father stared very much: he was too much astonished to reply, and he stared again. Here was the Hon. Asinus Box, a duke’s son, as he was currently informed, residing next door to himself, and two doors from Lord Varadaine, talking like any costermonger! The Honourable Asinus burst into a roar of laughter.

“How deuced green you do look!” and then followed a few super-numerary expletives, and other garnishing, of a character that the reader will not object to my suppressing; “you’re a rum un, you are: bless your old eyes, you *are* soft! Won’t I play off a few tricks? Oh no! you’ll just suit me.”

My father expressed himself honoured by the call, and then the Honourable Asinus burst into another roar of laughter; and, after continuing his conversation for a few minutes in the same strain, vanished through the smoke of his own tobacco.

“What does all this mean, Fitzroy?” asked the wondering Bob.

“Aristocratic politeness,” replied I, bitterly.

“Ah!” sighed my father, and fell back in his chair, where he remained passive for full ten minutes, silently reflecting.

CHAPTER XIV.

Is a short one—which the Reader is particularly requested not to skip.

Aroused, at length, from his reverie, my father was visited by a new idea: he was acquainted with one of his neighbours,—he would call on Lord Varadaine. In vain did I strive to dispossess him of this new whim;—anxious myself to become acquainted with Lord Varadaine, in the vain hope that chance might one day give me an opportunity of serving Eustace Weston and his wife, I feared that my father’s intrusive call would do little towards favouring my purpose. Finding, however, that the paternal Bob could not spare the crotchet, I was fain to accompany him, and check any objectionable display. My father, accordingly called for his hat and cane, drew on his gloves, and sallied forth with me; but we had not left our own door-step before we found, by the desolate appearance of the street-door, that the Honourable Asinus Box had carried off both the knocker and the bell-handle when he departed.

Having performed, on Lord Varadaine’s knocker, a solo piece something resembling the popular air of “Jim Crow,” with variations, my father was admitted by a powdered footman, who wondered “considerably” who it could be that was making such a noise.

“Lord Varadaine at home?”

The servant, of course, did not know,—he would inquire;—our names were asked.

“Mr. Pike, said I, hurriedly, afraid of a different announcement; but it was in vain to attempt to smother it,—the footman was retiring, when, “Stop!” cried my father, “that’s Mr. Pike, I am Bob Pike, Esquire.”

I remained a few minutes, devoutly hoping that we might be denied, but the Fates seemed unpropitious, and we were ushered shortly into the master’s presence.

Lord Varadaine was an elderly, perhaps an old man, for his hair was silvered. There was a degree of frigid nobility about him that would have chilled any intruder except my father, who advanced to the table at which he was sitting, and patted his back with the tasselled cane.

“Well, old covey,” exclaimed my father, “I’m your new next door;—you’re a genteel fellow, by Jove! how are you my hearty?”

Lord Varadaine rose haughtily, and I was silent with dismay. I had styled the conduct of Asinus Box “aristocratic politeness;” Bob Pike had taken my words in their literal sense, and copied his late visiter to the life. This was indeed a dreadful misunderstanding, and I wished my father would be less apt at following the fashions.

“How deuced green you do look!” cried my father, laughing, but he omitted the oaths from a qualm of conscience; “you’re a rum un, you are! bless your old eyes, you *are* soft.”

“Sir”—commenced the astonished nobleman.

“I say, old fellow, is that your son?” The Hon. A. B. had asked that question, pointing to me—my father now pointed to a sallow man, who was leaning, with a pen in his hand, over some papers.

“That is my secretary, sir, but——”

“O, very true,” replied my father, “you haven’t a son; but *my* son, Fitzroy there, says he knows your daughter,—you’ve got a daughter, eh?”

It would be difficult to describe the instantaneous effect that this speech produced on all present; on me it may be imagined; the secretary started suddenly into an attitude of suppressed attention, while Lord Varadaine, forgetting, in a moment, my father’s manner, but acutely sensitive to the matter of his allusion, his face flushed with anger, turned to me. I could see, however, that there was tenderness struggling hard with pride: it was not with anger only that his lips quivered and his voice trembled, as he said:—

“I *had* a daughter, sir; a—a daughter. Do you know her, she is lost. I cannot see her. She thinks me cruel—but hers was the fault;—my once dear Isabel!—You have seen her, sir?”

The secretary bit his lips and was about to speak, but his master interposed:—

“Be silent, Lias!”

At a glance from the secretary’s eye, I felt the whole mystery revealed, and was nerved to speak boldly out:—

“You are deceived, my lord,” said I, warmly, “your daughter, if ever daughter did, deserves a father’s love; she deserves that love from you that she wins from all around her.”

"Ay! ay!" cried the father, "Listen to that, Lias! listen to that! Why learn not you to speak so? That sounds like my own Isabel!—wins love from all around her;—go on, young man, I know of whom you speak."

"I would speak of her husband next," I replied.

The old man sighed, and sank back into his chair.

"Another time!" said he, waving his hand.

"He is worthy of your child."

"No, no!"—Lord Varadaine had put his hands before his eyes, and as he now rose once more I fancied I saw the moisture of a tear.

"Young man," said he, "if you have not tampered with an old father's heart, if Isabel be as you say, come here again:—I must not see her—you shall tell me of her;—but not now."

Bob Pike, Esq., who had been all this time in amazement, was about to commence a parting oration when I would have interposed, but from Lord Varadaine's manner towards him, I found that he was considered insane; and the peculiar phrases which had at first caused so much astonishment, were received now with the courtesy usually bestowed on madmen, whom prudence humours. We parted therefore well pleased with the result of our visit:—I both rejoiced and surprised that, under circumstances so disadvantageous, we should have suddenly advanced so far; my father delighted with the courtesy of Lord Varadaine, which he attributed to the powerful effect of his aristocratic politeness: when, however, I made it clear to his comprehension that he had acted, and been treated like a madman, he vowed he would break the head of Asinus Box on the earliest convenient opportunity.

(To be continued.)

THE BEAUTIFUL.

"He hath made every thing beautiful."

Eccles. iii. 11.

"The shadows of the tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is Earth!"

MRS. HEMANS.

'Tis beautiful, at break of day, to watch
The golden orb in majesty arise;—
And at eve, the last lingering ray to catch,
As gorgeous on his burnished bed he dies.

'Tis beautiful to mark the troubled sea
Writhe foaming in his lair, and tempest tossed,
Like spell-bound monster struggling to be free,
And by an unseen power for ever crossed.

'Tis beautiful to stand on Jura's height,
With sunshine and the clear blue sky above;
See Mont Blanc rear to heaven his silvery light,
And bathe his shadowy brow in Leman's Love.

'Tis beautiful on virgin snow to trace,
With the true pencil of an artist's skill,
The sacrificial Lamb's redeeming grace,
Who made the ocean and the whirlwind still.

'Tis beautiful to see the verdant earth
Spread forth her glowing richness to the gale,—
With tenderest care, to nourish into birth
Sweet floral gems to deck the sylvan dale.

'Tis beautiful, with the meandering brook,
To wildly wander through the flowery mead,
As, prying into many a pebbly nook,
It bears away the emigrating seed.

'Tis beautiful the blithesome lark to see—
Rise from his earthy nest, and upward soar,
As if to the celestial gates he'd flee
To join the choral band on Heaven's own shore.

'Tis beautiful to see the indwelling dove
Find in the sin-drowned world a resting place :
And sure the mirror of a mother's love
Reflects the image of untiring grace !

Yet beautiful—more beautiful to see
The hopeful Christian, in his dying hour,
Piercing the veil of dim futurity,
And fearless lean on Christ's atoning power.

And how surpassing beautiful the scene
That waits the soul to be supremely blest—
Ear hath not heard, nor human eye hath seen,
The bliss mysterious in the land of rest.

E. P.

West Ashby.

ONE MORE REVERIE ABOUT PROMETHEUS BOUND.

SURELY there must be something in those books which have for centuries incited men to fresh endeavours in the task of interpretation. There are only a few books, the contents of which go not from us when we lay them down, but continue to haunt our memories, till we fancy we could have written them ourselves. I will mention three of this class : first, there is the ludicrous, yet melancholy, *Don Quixote*, which is somewhat more than a silly tale of the capers of a madman ; for the poor knight of La Mancha is a type of the heroic idea in mankind, which, alas ! has ever been destined to be attended by that frivolous and base worldly understanding whose representation is the notorious Sancho Panza ; and, by an allowable metonymy, we say the poor crazy knight, however he be laughed at, has done more good in

the world, than all the prudent men of the world who walk in the steps of Sancho Panza and his ass : for all good measures must have something Quixotic about them ; since to act according to a great idea, is to deal with the impossible as if it were possible. Then there is the notorious *Faust*, which every man can interpret for himself ; for if ever he has endeavoured to realize anything good, intellectually or religiously, he will be well enough acquainted with that genius of endless doubts, quibbles, and perplexities—that continual heavy incubus on the positive reason, of which Mephistopheles is the type ; and, lastly, we mention this mysterious drama of “Prometheus Bound,” which is now tempting us to another effort of explication. Since Kratos bound the philanthropic god to the cliff, there have always been two races of minds in the earth ; and so long as these continue to strive together, this drama, in spite of all its obscurities of detail, will be understood by all minds congenial with that mind from whom this poetry of suffering and desolation emanated. It is the characteristic of the Promethean mind ever to dream of a better world than the real, to paint it upon the past, and hope for it in the future ; because *now* feeling within, in idea, a higher life than that exhibited on the broad scale of actual existence. The contented worldly understanding says whatever is actual is right : Prometheus answers, “All that is right is not yet actual,” and, in patience, he labours to realize the vision that ever haunts his soul. Those possessed of mighty restoring ideas, have ever deep views of the misery of the world they would save and bless ; for it is the steadfast character of true genius to have a more exalted aspiration for happiness than falls to the common lot of men, and those who can see very high, can also see very deeply downwards. But when the labours of the mind are deprived of free utterance, and the conflict is all turned within, then we have the Promethean madness. Of such madness, no doubt, the Hebrew Prophets were accused by the worldly judges and teachers of their day. High souls, like high hills, gather storms of trouble about them ; for a great idea, for its realization, demands stern labour and a mighty conflict. The whole history of mankind, religiously viewed, has been only a continued self-sacrifice of Promethean souls for the benefit of the race, and in no time have such sacrifices wholly ceased. Prometheus was a *Catholic*, in the best and highest sense of the word ; his master-thought was unity, and his tyrant Jove was a most pitiable dissenter, whose throne was based upon a falsity, and whose conscience was ever plagued by the thought that his glory was not the good of all. Catholic truth is Catholic liberty : but see the stern oppression under which our hero groans ! the more Catholic his spirit and idea, the more isolated his situation becomes ; and the more penetrated he is with the thought of good fellowship between heaven and earth, the more is he cut off from both sides, hung upon the cliff in the barren air, looked down upon with scorn by the sycophant gods, and regarded with terror by men. So the truth, which should be spoken from heart to heart, gladdening the world, is locked up in his desolate bosom : the truth, whose life is love, is condemned to a perpetual struggle with hate and persecution, and the most fruitful idea seems to close in a most fruitless endeavour.

Poor Prometheus! he would waken the earth, the sea, and the sky, (for he still loves them all,) to sympathize with his sorrows; and hark! those beautiful nymphs, the Oceanides, hasten to condole with him; for beauty and gentleness are ever the fit attendants of truth. It is touching to see children clinging around a father whose heart is torn with some stern pain, and, not altogether vainly, endeavouring to sooth his bitter grief,—and so touching is it to hear the simple plaint of these beautiful nymphs who compose the Chorus. They but little know the stern depth of the hero's soul, the power of the tremendous truth that burns within and consumes him; they only see his outward sorrows, and would propose a superficial remedy for an evil which they but little understand. So some fond wife may attempt to soften the iron resolution of the martyr. So those who would have all be happy, but know nothing of the labour by which happiness must be secured, wonder at the madness of one who offers up himself, and all present delights, to work out some sure gain for humanity. Sometimes the chorus blames the tyranny of Jove, sometimes the obstinacy of Prometheus, intervening, as usual, common-places of piety and prudence, to allay the effect of the tragic catastrophe. There is often a touching and soothing charm in these self-conscious, quiet moralisms, with which we meet in the comments of the Chorus on the explosion of some plot of tragic fate in the Greek Drama. Great disturbances in the moral world, as Coleridge remarks, set men on finding universal rules; and so the Chorus, as representative of the sense and piety of the common people, utters itself in moral aphorisms, finding quiet in the assurance that some laws of life stand fast amid the confusion and ruin of those who have rebelled against the superior powers.

“CHOR.—May Zeus, who sways all things that be,
 Never oppose himself to me,
 His might against my feeble will!
 And may I loiter not, but still
 Approach the gods with due devotion,
 With holy feasts of victims slain—
 Beside the ceaseless streams of ocean.—
 Be mine no sinful words nor vain;
 But may this wholesome reverence sway
 My being, and never melt away!
 A certain charm entwines about
 Long life in cheering hopes drawn out,
 When one is feeding and refining
 The soul with true joys clearly shining;
 But ah! I shudder as I see
 How *thou* art racked with countless pains!
 Thy own self-will hath ruined thee,
 Not bearing Zeus, who only reigns.”

“Might is right.”—Such is the moralizing of an Epicurean submission to things as they are. “Right is might,” ever answers Prometheus. After this delivery of the Chorus which we have quoted, comes in the desolate maid Io, of whose wild tale we can give no satisfactory exposition. Coleridge seems to have the nearest guess at its meaning, as he considers it to describe the progress of superstition; and certainly, the maid, crazed by her demon-lover, may be a very suitable

symbol of the human mind, self-estranged, and "without God in the world," crouching before a thousand blind terrors—crushed beneath the Olympian Jove—and wandering pathless in lands only inhabited by "gorgons, hydras, and chimæras dire." If we were to allow our wits to ramble a little here, we might find weighty things implied in some of the sayings of Prometheus; but we should be asked for too much proof of our interpretation, and so we forbear. Prometheus now predicts the downfall of Jove, and the Chorus replies:—

"Thy wish is father to thy boding threat."

To which Prometheus answers:—

"I speak my wish, and *also what shall be*;"—

a weighty saying; for here he grasps the absolute. Soon after this enters Hermes, that miserable go-between, who wishes to draw from the martyr an untimely proclamation of the truth, in order that he may make some bad use of it, as is the way of the world, to snatch some fragments of a noble *system* of truth, and convert them into obstacles for that truth on which they depend. Prometheus replies to this "lackey of the gods" with a fine burst of indignation, and by the taunts of the messenger, is only rendered more sublime in his firm endurance. He feels that, though chained to the rock, he is not quite alone: for time and the fate of truth are working for him, and he anticipates a triumph: but he knows that the *premature seeming of a thing* is the worst hindrance to the *real and true development*; and so he keeps this secret. He holds to his master-idea of the triumph of what is truly Catholic and religious in man over the sway of foreign and usurping deities, Jove and his satellites; and rests in confidence that these, by their own folly and abuse of power, will but aid the strivings of the self-liberating mind, and hasten their own downfall, exchanging Olympus for Tartarus. When the wanderings of Io shall end, and the superstitious mind, after long and painful pilgrimage in foreign and inhospitable climes, shall come home to its proper self, then gods and men shall once more live cordially together, as in the old Saturnian reign, "while yet there was no fear of Jove,"—then the renitive and reconciling idea, after long labours in overcoming the reign of darkness, shall be an omnipresent sun in all hearts and minds, and men shall understand the mystic words of Prometheus. It is this benevolent care of mankind which gives its charm to the character of Prometheus. He anticipates a religion that shall at once reverence the gods and honour human nature; in which the sanctities of high worship shall consecrate and bless the intercourse of social life, and the feeling and interest of life shall pervade all worship—when the gods shall leave their idle amusements and arbitrary counsels on Olympus, and shall take their share in the care of humanity, and be honoured *inasmuch* as they truly serve the highest interests of mankind; as men shall be honoured *inasmuch* as they truly serve the gods, whose glory is not in the oppression, but in the cultivation of humanity. He would get rid of a *foreign* mythology, and bring religion *home* to men and men home to religion. If it would not appear a light mixture of things sacred with things profane, we might show how the fulfilment of the thought of Prometheus is possible only under the religion which

proclaims the mystery of the Word becoming flesh and dwelling among us. In the representation of the old poet of the toils of Prometheus for the good of mankind, we find some foreboding of the great distinguishing truth of Christian doctrine—that every truly religious doctrine is a law of life, and essential to the unfolding of that which is the true life of mankind; that the separation between believing and being, must be annulled; and that no supposed truth is better than a dead indifferent fact, unless we live in it and for it.

Æschylus is the father of Tragedy. To trace the course of thought from his severe dramas, in which men sink overwhelmed in the dread order of fate, to the light comedy, in which the ascendant man makes sport of his fathers' gods and fates, is no light nor uninstructional task; but one which will lead us to consider the Greek Tragedy and Comedy as a developement of the strongest of all those oppositions of which the display and resolution have been the life of the human mind. A careful search into *the thought* of the Drama, in its transition from Tragedy to Comedy, will point out clearly the danger of a false solution, such as we see occurred in the declining days of the Roman Empire, when men cast off the bondage of superstition, without having any true religion to supply its place. The master-thought of Tragedy is one common to all minds—that of a dread superhuman order of fate, against which men, in their manifold thoughts, words and deeds, only lift up themselves to show their imbecility; it is the thought of separation between all that is divine and all that is human, where the counsels of the gods have no regard for human nature, where the thoughts and strivings of the human creature can never penetrate the counsels or affect the purposes of the deities. Prayers are blown aside by the winds; human blood is poured out, drunk by the earth and forgotten; man strives along his way for a while, till, baffled and weary, he sinks in the crushing grasp of fate. The universe seems one tremendous machine in the control of powers who watch, till man, falsely dreaming himself independent and self-sufficient, by some hasty resolution or act for himself, throws himself into the maze of destiny, finds his free-will absorbed in a process of events he can neither comprehend nor alter, and thus *falls*. And thus the full impression of such thoughts Tragedy would work in the minds of its spectators; but in attempting it, contradicts its own purposes, and, as extremes meet, so the dismay and trouble attending the tragic impression must drive the mind into the opposite thought, the thought of comedy, of human predominance, of utility, of man no longer existing as the mere plaything of the Olympians, but *for himself*; the tables are turned, and now he makes playthings of his gods, admits them and serves them, just as far as they serve his purposes, and no farther. This transition took place in the mysteries of Bacchus and Ceres, where the divinity, before which the ignorant crowd trembled, now, in the hands of the mystagogue, revealed himself no longer as the lord, but as the servant of the devout illuminate. But this was a secret for the priest and the artist, who were fed by the offerings brought to the gods, and must very gradually be revealed to the people, who, nevertheless, knew something of it; for if they built temples and brought offerings to the deities, the notion of *a mutual service* became more and more predo-

minant in their minds, till what was a sacrifice became part of a bargain, and the secret of the mysteries of Eleusis, that men had been kept so long bending and bowing before their own thoughts, became more and more apparent. So, in the time of Socrates, we find irony, sly and self-assured, mingling itself with all worship, and preparing the transition from the absolute rule of fate to the absolute rule of human will. But here, in the birth of this absolute, popular will, was *the mistake* of the movement from superstition to democracy, not the will; *inasmuch* as it contained, *summed up* in itself, those *laws* and principles of rational order which belonged to the domain of Tragedy, but of itself, *absolutely*, now gained the ascendant, and so the sure and rational was sacrificed to the supreme indefinite and capricious *self*. And hence sprang two systems of philosophy, the representatives of which have maintained a succession in the world down to the present day. The thought of the *fall* is the master-tone of the former system, which is allied to tragedy. An earnest care, not wholly disguised in the mask of irony, for the maintenance and growth of ideas above the common dreams of mankind, a profound sense of opposition between the peaceful sublime region of ideas in which the mind lives, and the dark troubled world of the senses, characterize the philosophy of Plato; while a superficial assumption that *all is now right in the world*, that there is no reason for strife and agitation, for severe thought nor strict action, distinguishes that philosophy which is the twin sister of Comedy, of which Cicero says, "it brings down divine things to the level of men: I would rather raise men to divine things." So, at the present day, we have one current of thought which would show that man is greater than that stream of superficial things called the world, in which he lives, and that his great work here is to elevate himself above his seeming destiny, and regain his native region, from which he has fallen so far, that, could his intellectual eye measure the distance between "man in the likeness of God," and man in the world of vanity, his heart would break at the contrast. And, on the other side, we have natural morals, and natural philosophy, and natural theology, which all start with the presupposition that man and nature are yet in primitive integrity; that things as they are, are things as they ought to be; and though, under the pressure of ills beyond the consolations of this philosophy, human nature sighs, such a system will satisfy itself by an appeal to certain phenomena of the world called "*laws*," which themselves are only signs and fruits of the same evil with which man is burdened.—Suppose these two modes of philosophy embodied and shut up in a dungeon,—the latter will say:—

"'Tis true we are here, in some regards, uncomfortably situated; but our state, you see, is in accordance with the laws of the place: these doors and bolts and chains, you see, are so disposed that *we cannot get out*. It must be so." The former will reply, "If it *must* be so, it *ought* not to be so. I feel a desire for another mode of life, and I cannot take these *symptoms* of our wretchedness to be fit and adequate *reasons* for our present unfortunate condition." So one victim is always playing with his fetters, finding some wisdom in their construction, while the other breaks his heart in endeavouring to burst his bonds. So one philosopher studies the history of mankind, takes

it for granted that all *succession* is *progress*, that every thing *actual* is a fitting developement of what is *rational and good*, and comes to Pope's conclusion, "Whatever is, is *right*," which, in Pope's sense, is itself *wrong*. The other has ever a suspicion that, while we are forgetting one moment in another, we may be *sinking* instead of *rising*, contented with ourselves as men who are gradually growing blind. Who can solve the dispute?

Christianity alone, which teaches us to regard *good* as no *opus operatum* in this world, but as something continually *to be done*; which shows even the desolations and afflictions of life to be *good*; not *in themselves*, but *as* the great occasions of virtue, as in the *continual removal of the opposition* between what is and what ought to be the essence of *active good* consists. The resignation that such doctrine teaches is neither Epicurean nor Stoic. In the multitude of our thoughts, Christianity gives us one universal, all-swaying thought, better than all the complaints and prophecies of Prometheus, and fuller of supporting truth than a thousand systems of philosophy, placed as we are amid the contradictions of the real and the good, the inner all-desiring spirit and the outward slow moving body of things, the glorious upper sphere where the primal duties shine like fixed stars, and this lower world where they seem to lie whelmed in the chaotic flood of dark, sensual life—a thought to sober the glare of day and cheer the gloom of night—to give steadfastness in life, and peace in death—the *thought of mediation*. With this grasp of the absolute truth we need not, with our high aspirations, feel ourselves chained, like Prometheus, to the barren crag, but, amid our oft-baffled labours, we may rest in faith that where we cannot work, One, of whom, and from whom, and in whom we are, is ever working for us while we are *building* for Him: and if our buildings fall, they are not lost, but only taken down, as having fulfilled their momentary office in that greater building of which we and ours are parts, and of which the whole also is in every part.

In the same period, when Comedy took the place of Tragedy, we find reflective philosophy sunk into a profound subjectivity:—in the mind of Socrates, the gods are only valued for psychological purposes, and whatsoever new adventures in Olympus, or counsels among the divinities, the priest would proclaim, the philosopher's only answer, "You would stir a *new THOUGHT* in my mind; but first show me that it is better than the *THOUGHT* which I already have." The presupposition that lurks at the bottom of all the seemingly merely negative dialectic of the Socratic dialogue is, that *THOUGHT* can grasp the *ABSOLUTE*: this is not proved by Plato, but always postulated. Sunk in this deep self-consciousness, thus self-withdrawn from the tumult of a crowded and confused mythology, the philosopher has peace within himself; but no longer power over the people. Though he possesses, in common with the people, regard and reverence for the gods, it is now a mystic regard; for he knows himself to be greater than the idols of the populace, and is conscious in himself of that which is the *substance* of the *phenomena* worshipped by the crowd. But every good thing admits of an easy *caricature*, and the *caricature* of philosophy is a very pitiable thing: so we find the era of Socrates, also

the era of the *Sophists* and Aristophanes. Euripides had done his part in bringing down the oracles of the Tragic Chorus from the sublime to the ridiculous; and now the Athenian youth, detecting the mistakes adhering to these professedly universal adages, sought for better ground of action in self-will, and under the care of the Sophists learned, by a spurious dialectic, to cancel everything of universal order and definitive law in a dangerous liberalism of so-called *general ideas*, assumed to be so much the more *general*, because, most conveniently, leading to no *particulars*. The negative individuality here assumes the dominion. In vain, against this rage of universal mockery and scepticism, did Plato attempt to establish the reign of unrealized ideas. A thing realized to the world is greater than what remains to be realized. The priest could point, at least, to the statues of his gods; but Plato, to demonstrate his ideas, must lead his disciples through a labyrinthine dialectic. Hence, when the soul of religion had fled, the words of philosophy were powerless, and could no longer supply the places occupied by the stern forms (expressions of inevitable law and order) of old tragedy. No disquisition on the everlasting self-torment of evil nature that Plato's eloquent mouth could pour out, could take the place of the Eumenides with the deep, soul-terrifying tones of the tragic flute. How tremendous must have been the effect of these dark but salutary powers, towering from the abyss in the presence of congregated tens of thousands, with giant forms and hollow-sounding voices, in black clothing, with red-glowing torches, casting an angry glare on their pallid masks, and snakes of deadliest poison curling round their temples! How trembled the criminal while they proclaimed their iron statutes, and devoted all the guilty to the all-searching fire of Tartarus! This was but a gloomy preparation for a more peaceful religion; but there *was dread truth* in all this, and truth that ought to have been, not laughed at, but thoroughly *inwardly digested*, before the Athenian youth might *safely* throw off the bonds of terror wound about the hearts of their forefathers. Only when the *law* is assimilated with the whole *heart* and *will*, may the lawgiver lay down his *sword*. What was needed for the Greeks was a race of true genial *interpreters* of the phenomena of the past, who might have reconciled the opposition developed in tragedy and comedy, by showing how the law might be fulfilled in love,—how the true absolute will is that which does not despise but comprehends the law, how self-offering alone can give self-possession, as the fulfilling of the law gives to the obedient possession of the very power from whom the law emanated, and so might have reconciled the *individual*, (not as absolute,) but *inasmuch* as being a partaker and fulfiller of the law, with the *universal*. For want of this, *liberty* degenerated into *license*, and the comic period, instead of being a step forward, only led back to tragedy. The end of a right interpretation of law is so to expand the mind of the individual, by a view of the universal reason, as to make his will a fountain of the law.

Now we have no quarrel with the proposition, whatever is useful *for man* is pleasing to God; but we must have the terms defined, and we must define man as "the man after God's own heart." The image of that man in whom God beheld himself is no longer found in

each individual, nor can be the result of a mere crowd of individuals ; but must be kept before us as the great stand-point of mankind against the myriad demons of disorder who use individual minds as their organs. The Christian religion would exalt man, but, observe, always in a *defined* character ;—man, *inasmuch* as he is so and so, as he comes up to a certain steady standard of divine truth and excellence, is the being on whom such wondrous privileges are conferred in divine revelation. It is the fashion of a shallow, so-called philosophy, to change predicates in established propositions, without any process of mind by which *anything is gained*. If the simple query, “What is gained by this ?” were put to many high-sounding oracles, it would be sufficient to show their vanity. Thus we have the name “God” sunk in “nature” by one school,—the sovereign intelligence is assigned to the material world as an attribute ;—now, not to say, at present, that anything is lost, that *the developement of thought* which gave rise to the opposition of God and nature—mind and matter—is forfeited, let us ask, “What is gained ?” and we shall see the nothingness of a thousand such propositions. A long established opposition of thought is a work of spiritual *developement*, and cannot be solved by the putting of a dead copula such as “is” between its poles ; but only by a *true living process*, which, in the reconciliation, preserves, not only undiminished, but enriched, the whole *positive contents* of the truth implied. Looking, therefore, at religion only *as useful for man*, and taking these words in a *strict sense*, we shall see the necessity of a fixed objective institution, which shall keep before the view of the individual the great prototype of his own proper integrity,—a fixed institution we say, but do not mean a gallery of statues thereby—no : the truth of a religion is wholly in the communion of the subject and object—the believer and the believed ;—so the former by his own act must enter into the latter, and the latter by its own nature will blend itself more and more with the life and soul of the former. Without this, there may be an authentic history, such as we have of Julius Cæsar, but it can no more make a religion than Cæsar’s *Commentaries* can.

Let only a thoughtful man contemplate for a while what we all see, as plainly as the sun,—Christ meant the faith and love he came to establish in the world to be and do,—and then turn to regard, for a few moments, the controversies of the so-called Christian Church about so many infinite nothingnesses, and he must feel that still there are two spirits at work in the world : one pure, simple, with the end and mode of action as clear as daylight ; the other tortuous, bewildered, and all bewildering, with no worthy object in view, beating out a thousand crooked paths, and adding perplexities to a labyrinthine maze ;—one ever striving to open the fount of the waters of life, and the other ever heaping up some impediment to dam up the stream ;—one ever seeking to grasp the living unities of faith, the other putting a drear void space between those agents which *together* make living truth, but, so separated, become mere dead facts. These agents that have played so long and intricate a game together meet even in the individual, where every reflective man has recognized the pure spon-

taneous thought, and, face to face with it, that perverse genius of endless doubts and quibbles, from which it costs us so many struggles to free ourselves; and which ever makes Pilate's demand, that truth itself should expose itself in a false way.

If the pure, spontaneous, self-evidencing truth, so beautifully pictured in the wisdom of Solomon, is ever to vanquish that captious understanding which is the intellectual fruit of the fall, we cannot doubt that a thousand unwieldy tomes of crabbed dispute, and, with them, a thousand disgraceful jargon-controversies, such as Milton aptly puts into the mouths of his more meditative devils, must go to the dust from which they rose, and leave that simple truth which is "friendly to man," and pleasing to God, to hasten joyously forward on its victorious career. Then we shall no longer find men trying to overcome error by its own consequences, nor setting iron traps to catch and fasten the limbs of men to that truth, whose bonds are interwoven with the cords of life and light, as the supporting breath of heaven. Meanwhile love and patience must be the attendants of that truth, and the truth must go *its own way*, not turning aside to fight with every shadow. Nothing less than a continual new truth will do: to raise a dust among dead bones, to endeavour to extract from drear stagnation the waters of life, is a pitiable waste of toil. We must take a positive *affirmative* cause. Let us look carefully upon those hints of the laws of life which Grecian history and literature contains, and we shall easily trace all irreligious and revolutionary mischief to one and the same principle of careless, wilful, indefinite, and retrogressive *negation*; in opposition to which we have to unfold from the lower the higher form of truth, and never resign anything that pertains to truth till we have surely in our hands a greater truth.

The Greeks were truly a unitive people. Their arts and religion were, like themselves, without that sternness of separation which characterizes us northerners, and flowed into each other, so that, to know any one member of the body, one must know all, comprehend the whole Greek idea and spirit; and, with true geniality, reproduce and revivify the life of their literature in his mind. What we have lost in fancy and flow of feeling, we have gained in stern self-consciousness; and our only interest now with the fragments of the Greek system of life is to trace therein the working of during laws of the unfolding mind, and so distinguish the universal from the accidental. So Greek study might lead to a philosophy infinitely richer in contents of value for the whole human race, than that poor skeleton and dry-bone system which poor dupes call philosophy and metaphysics; where, after tortuous analysis, the man of good-for-nothing science just draws out of his crucible what he put in at first, and no more. The laws of the life of things we want to know; but as, in chemical analysis, the operator reduces all the apparent variety of matters put into his hand into a few components, but in the process quite misses that subtle band, which the eyes can never see, and the hands can never handle (because it is *power*, and not mere *substance*), which gives unity to diversity, and leads unity to multiplicity; so the philosophy of mere abstract forms may reduce the fulness of the contents of life to a few

barren ciphers, but let slip that life-power of the ever-moving idea which unfolds from that which, in the abstract form, seems so little, a world so vast, wondrous and beautiful.

The Greeks were a people of free expression: their language is a monument of a people who never were in want of intelligence to enlighten the forms of nature, nor of nature to enliven and embody the most abstract forms of thought. So we find Plato, while driving poets out of his republic, speaking a poetic philosophy which, even in its most abstract forms, seems married to the living world around, and finds every where fit symbols and beautifying reflections. And though we do not expect to find in Plato a rigorous medium, nor think the form of dialogue which he employs the purest medium of necessary truth, yet we must expect that the transition from a true and genial metaphysic to actual life and nature should be light and easy, and that the highest formula of the former will, most easily, find expression in the most familiar phenomena of the latter. It is because we are burdened with so great a mass of ungenial and unnatural lumber lore, stuff in false theology, false morals and false science, altogether *foreign* to the life and spirit of man, that our most reflective minds, finding so much to *repress*, and so little fitly to *express* their thoughts in the world about them, sink into those deep and dark abysses of thought, where philosophy, enshrouded, seems rather a terrible chimera than a cheerful guide and companion of life. We have an unhappy divorce between thought and faith; and so even that religion, whose laws are the laws of the life of man, and whose highest mysteries are his daily food, is defended by many of its laborious and cumbersome apologists (who know not that *life* is its own defence), not only against the attacks of that petty and minimifidian understanding which would always merge the high in the low, and reduce the great to the little, but also, and very mistakingly, against that true and genial thought which would acknowledge all, believe all, inquire into all, and seek simply for the most catholic and comprehensive form of the most catholic and comprehensive truth. But the day dawns when humanity shall find its proper self in the progress of truth, when *home-truth* shall take the place of all *foreign* system-building; and then shall be heard loud rejoicing amid mankind; the sweat of bitter thought shall be wiped away from many a lonely student's brow; and a light shall gladden every home, where the love of the truth and the truth of love shall reside. The longing of Prometheus shall be fulfilled, beyond the largest thought of his heart, at the coming of a better day, when highest truths, about which men have only thought exactly as they do about the distant stars in the heavens, shall be found to be *highest* truths, inwrought with their daily life, not by an arbitrary application of the preacher, but by their own vital, self realizing, all-grasping, and all-permeating power and virtue. Then men shall be as willingly bound in religion as their souls and bodies are bound together, and shall seek in love to bind others with themselves; and truth shall not only be known and disputed of, but *done*—shall flow from heart to heart; and men shall truly feel themselves immortal, when they know and live a catholic life, infinitely more dear and glorious than the little boundary of self.

The works of the eternal and mighty word in his finite manifestation

shall still be done in the world, and "greater works than those shall be done," BECAUSE he has gone to the Father.

But here we will break off what must seem to many a very vague reverie indeed, beginning with a Greek Drama and ending with Christianity. We have not intended it for more than a reverie, which may just serve as a hint to awaken in other minds the thought which gave birth to it in our own minds; viz. that as Christian men, living not for the past and present alone, but also for the future, living *for mankind*, we have nothing to do with Greek literature, nor with anything else which will not serve to explain, direct and build up the life of mankind. We are poor creatures, with all our erudition, if we use a knowledge of the *minutiunculæ* of a dead literature to help ourselves into seats of ease and seeming dignity, while the great questions of mankind utter themselves in mighty voices all around us, and find no attempted responses within us. Let our classicists defend, if they will, our scheme of education, but let them do it in a better way; against the claims of the exclusive utility of the age, let them teach a higher utility. Why do we learn Greek? why let our sons spend the best hours of life in turning over the leaves of the Lexicon and Gradus? is the oft-repeated question of so-called Utilitarians. And our men of classical education do well to defend their favourite study against the attacks of coarse utilitarians, who assume a few ultimate objects as the standard of perfection, but are liable to have retorted upon them their own question, "*cui bono*?" even in the height of their most splendid expedients. But let us not shallowly despise the word utility. Against the "*cui bono*?" of the Utilitarian, let the Hellenist take better ground than in saying that the study of words, metres and accents, is a good exercise of the mental faculties.—So it is—and so may almost anything be made. A parson might exercise and build up his memory and discernment on the ruins of "Tom Thumb," "Mother Hubbard," "Jack the Giant Killer," and the "Babes in the Wood." Let the whole set of these nursery classics be bought up and locked in a lumber room till they are "dead;" then turn your "*helluo librorum*" in to rake among the learned dust of moulded and rat-nibbled copies, and he will find plenty of materials for "*variorum*" editions, learned reading, and far-fetched conjectures, *ad infinitum*. What is a letter, but as it stands in a word? and what is a word, but as it belongs to a sentence? and what is a sentence, but as it conveys a thought? and what is a thought, but as it expounds the life of man? Let us then defend the HUMANITY of our studies.

"Why should I toil to know the Grecian mind?
Your larger, richer self therein to find!"

The above hints are thrown together in a very fragmentary way, and can only serve as a proposition (not as proof) that we may, even in these late days, find something more instructive and edifying in the study of antiquity than has generally been supposed. The successive phenomena of Grecian life are surely not mere accidents, but true developements; and if we consider them as such, we may expect to find

in what once happened, the type of that which must be. It is in vain for us to try to reproduce in our minds all the immediate faith that attended the birth of the life of poetry and mythology, of which we have now only the dead letters. Our sole interest is in the progress of the human mind in these matters—our sole question remains, *what was thought* under these appearances?

ERMANO AND GABRIELLE.

FROM A FRENCH MANUSCRIPT.

It was the fifteenth of August, the day of the Assumption, that the daughter of the Count Egmont was to take the religious habit.

The bride (dressed in a lace robe over white satin, ornamented with diamonds, having on her head a crown of myrtle,) was kneeling in the church; at her side was a lovely little girl, about eleven years of age, who held the candle and the fan. The young ladies belonging to the school, and who had formerly been her companions, were ranged round the altar. The bells announced that the ceremony was going to begin, the church was filled with the nobility, magnificently dressed. Every eye was fixed on this young girl, so beautiful, who disdaining all the advantages of fortune and nobility, was going to bury herself, at eighteen years of age, in a convent, when the organ was heard, and the priests, accompanied by the father of the bride, left the sacristy, and with solemn steps advanced. When the bishop had made the first demands, to which the young person answered in a low voice, four little girls, of the same size, walked before, holding baskets of rose leaves, which they strewed, while her father in a splendid habit conducted her to the altar.

Nothing could surpass the recollection of the bride during mass; she remained immovable, and appeared wholly absorbed in devotion. Every eye was filled with tears on beholding her. When the service was finished, her father again presented her his arm, and the four little girls preceding, were followed by some of the other young ladies carrying the habit, veil, scissors, crown, &c.

All followed to the door of the convent, where the bishop knocked three times with his crosier, and demanded entrance for the spouse of the Lord, who, on the door being opened, knelt on the threshold. The nuns, to the number of forty, each with a lighted wax candle in her hand, were arranged on each side the door, and in the middle stood a young girl in the dress of a postulant, so lovely, that at the sight of her each one exclaimed, "Who is that? what heavenly beauty!" and all pressed with eagerness to obtain a sight of her.

In effect, nothing could be imagined to equal the beauty of the young *aspirante*, thus presenting herself to receive the spouse, who now sang one verse of a psalm, to which the young lady, who held a crucifix in her hand, answered, but in a voice so melodious, that the assistants thought it must be an angel that was assisting at the awful ceremony. Three verses, selected for the occasion, having been alter-

nately sung, the hand of Adelaide was taken, and she was led to the abbess, before whom she again knelt, and was asked what she demanded; having replied, to be admitted to join their holy society, she took her leave of her worldly friends, thanking them for the assistance they had given in conducting her to the object of her wishes.

The spectators, on the door being closed, hastened to the grate to witness the affecting ceremony of the receiving the habit. Here the usual questions being put as to her age, whether it was of her own free will that she embraced a religious state, &c., to which Adelaide answered with firmness; a lock of her hair was then cut off, and her garment removed, which she threw from her with a modest dignity, which caused tears mingled with sobs from the assembly.

The doors of the grate being then closed, in a few moments the bride, lately so elegantly attired, appeared in the humble habit of a nun.

No sooner was the ceremony finished, than all hastened to inquire the name of the young beauty who had captivated them. The abbess simply replied, that she was a young person dedicated to religion, but, that being yet too young, she would only be admitted as postulant.

Among the spectators was the Count Ermano di Villanuova, and the beauty of the young pretendant had produced the most violent effect on him. His sister was a pensioner in the convent, and he hoped to learn from her who she was, but in vain, for the young ladies were only allowed to see the nuns at Christmas.

Ermano, violently in love with the young unknown, lost his appetite and his rest; his cheerfulness forsook him, and he sought for relief in solitude: hours he would pass sauntering round the convent, but vain were his hopes of seeing the object of his love. Equally vain were the visits he paid his sister; it was not till the expiration of three weeks that Ellena informed him, that being very skilful in embroidery, she had been requested to give some instructions to the postulant; that although strict silence was enjoined, yet during the absence of the mistress of novices, she had learnt that Gabrielle was destined to religion, that she idolized her mother, who was wretched at being deprived of her only daughter: tears came into her eyes, said Ellena, while speaking of her mother. "Ah! Ellena," said the Count, "I adore that divine girl; you must assist me to obtain her."—"Do you know what you are saying?" replied Ellena, terrified; "would you tear a spouse from the Almighty?"—"Sister, Gabrielle has not said she wished to become a nun; she is in the convent against her will; and alas! if I do not obtain her, I shall die."

"Well, I will do all I can; I know what is to love,—what would I not do to hasten the moment of my union with him to whom my heart is pledged?"

The following week Ellena told him that she had shown his picture to Gabrielle, in the following manner: as she constantly wore it round her neck, she let it slip out, as if accidentally; that Gabrielle had hastily inquired whose picture it was, and had blushed deeply on hearing it was that of her brother; after some minutes, continued Ellena, she added, I thought it was your lover, for they say you are to be

married in a twelvemonth. Yes, I replied, and presenting her with my watch, here is the resemblance of my future husband.

She trembled when she took it,—said it was very handsome,—but immediately turned her eyes to your picture, which remained hanging over my dress. Ermano, transported with joy, thought his hopes were now realized.

Gabrielle, in the meanwhile, who had not the least inclination for a monastic life, had remarked the Count during the ceremony, and having perceived that his fine dark eyes were riveted on her, she felt an emotion for which she could not account; however, it was but of short duration, for regarding herself as absolutely devoted to religion, and considering the little probability there was that the stranger should ever think of her, the impression had soon passed away, nor would she have ever thought of him again, had not Ellena, by showing her the miniature, excited a real and violent affection.

All the ceremonies of religion now became insupportable to her,—every thing was disgusting—she thought only of the charming Count. A thousand and a thousand times she accused her father of cruelty, and she considered her lot as dreadful. Her continual inattention brought on her severe reproaches, which disgusted her still more with a religious life.

Ermano was obliged to return to Italy. Before his departure, he obtained permission to enter the convent in company of the bishop, but his hopes were frustrated, the lovely postulant was not present, and he was obliged to quit France without knowing if he were loved, or rather in the firm persuasion that he was not.

Before his departure, he entreated his sister to embrace every opportunity of speaking of him to the young postulant, and if possible to inspire her with favourable sentiments of him. Ellena endeavoured to console him, but she did not entertain any hopes of being able to assist him, for she no longer saw Gabrielle; and, besides, she was well aware that it was to satisfy the ambition of her father that that beautiful girl was immured in a convent.

Gabrielle was entirely ignorant of her own sentiments; she knew not that she loved. One day they were conversing in the noviciate about their vocations; Adelaide, who was all fervour, said, that she could not comprehend how it was possible to love a mortal; it seemed to her so natural to love nothing but God.

As she spoke in a truly angelical manner of the love of God, and depicted her own feelings with a great deal of simplicity, Gabrielle felt herself greatly affected; tears rolled down her cheeks, and she resolved to speak to her director. He being a very enlightened man, soon perceived that she was by no means calculated for a life of seclusion; but he knew not that she loved, as Gabrielle never named the Count, as she was herself ignorant of her sentiments in this regard. The good Father Gerardin contented himself with giving her some advice; he spoke of her vows as of a thing so far distant, that she ought not to make herself uneasy on account of her dispositions.

He calmed her for a short time, but the young and fervent Adelaide quitted the convent soon after; and although her reasons were not

known, Gabrielle thought she had not found all that happiness in it which she had expected.

After her departure, Mother Agatha, who was mistress of novices, made a long discourse to them, to strengthen them in their resolutions, and to represent the dreadful dangers to which the salvation of persons living in the world was exposed.

She addressed herself in an especial manner to Gabrielle, although she was assured that she was there for life.

The good father, not finding in her the least inclination for a monastic life, offered up fervent prayers for this innocent girl, whose fate he lamented above all, when the Count, who could not endure absence, returned to France, and owned his passion for Gabrielle to the holy man, begging him to assist him.

"I fear," said the ecclesiastic, "that you will not succeed; Gabrielle is the daughter of Count d'Esterville."—"Ah!" exclaimed the Count, "of that man who displeased all his family by marrying a girl whose only dowry was her beauty and virtues."—"Precisely," replied the other; and that is what renders him so poor, that to support his son, he is obliged to sacrifice his daughter.

"My fortune is sufficient for us both," rejoined Ermano. "I will demand her in marriage to-morrow. I will set off for her father's mansion."

That evening a lady arrived at the convent, in great haste, to withdraw Gabrielle, whose brother had died suddenly. Nothing could exceed the surprise and disappointment of the nuns. While praising the excellent qualities of the postulant, they spoke of the dangers to which she would be exposed in the world; they assured the lady that she was only fit for a convent, of which she would be a real jewel.

The Baroness de Fougères replied, that the parents of Gabrielle ardently desired her return; she added, that she was now their only child; she did not in the least doubt that the virtues of Mdlle. d'Esterville would render her very useful in the world, and really, my good mothers, we are in great want of good examples.

Each nun, as she embraced Gabrielle, gave her a little exhortation; the good Abbess hoped they should soon see her return, and promised her the assistance of her prayers.

During the journey, Gabrielle was so occupied with her reflections, that she did not speak, till the lady broke silence by informing her, that the death of her brother had been occasioned by a fall from an unruly horse, which he would mount, in spite of the entreaties of some friends who were with him; that he had survived some hours, during which he had received the sacraments with great devotion. This assurance consoled Gabrielle very much; though she wept bitterly for his loss. When she arrived at the paternal mansion, which she had never hoped to see again, the emotion of Gabrielle was so great, that she fainted in the arms of the baroness.

When she opened her eyes, she found herself alone with her mother, who was bathing her with her tears: words are inadequate to express their mutual joy, mingled with grief for the cruel cause of their re-union; but, religion coming to their aid, when the Count d'Esterville

entered, they appeared perfectly tranquil. He embraced his daughter tenderly, and quitted the room to conceal the tears which forced themselves from his eyes.

Time restored tranquillity to this amiable family, and Gabrielle was delighted to find her dear Adelaide again, who dedicated her immense fortune to the relief of the miserable, and the education of children. Soon they were inseparable. Adelaide told her friend that she had been inspired with a desire to become a nun by the preaching of a monk, and strengthened in it by reading some books which treated of an ascetic life: that her parents, being very pious, would not contradict her, though they did not think her vocation came from God; and as they loved her tenderly, they ardently wished her to remain with them. Being disappointed in the idea she had formed of a convent, Father Gerardin had confirmed her in the resolution of returning to the world, and had given her advice as to the manner of disposing of the property of which her grandmother had made her heiress. Gabrielle, for her part, acknowledged that she could not help contrasting the lives of the nuns, with those of many persons she had known in the world, and the disgust with which she had been inspired in consequence.

Six months passed away in this manner, when Ermano, who still adored Gabrielle, arrived to demand her in marriage. The Count was surprised to find that he knew his daughter: he thanked him, but begged he would not be offended if he declined a foreign alliance; besides, his daughter was already betrothed, and he only waited till time had more fully obliterated their grief, to speak to her on the subject of her marriage.

What a thunderbolt for the Count!

"To whom then," he exclaimed hastily, "does the hand of that adorable girl belong?" The Count smiled, and then assuming an air of severity, "Young man," said he, "I am not accountable to you for my conduct, but, what you ought to know is, that you never ought to have loved my daughter; it was a sacrilege."

"Did God command you to sacrifice your daughter to him? Did she wish to embrace that state?" The Count knit his brows, bit his lips, and then replied in a firm tone—

"I pardon these transports on account of your youth, but learn to respect the repose of my family. When you first saw Gabrielle, she was devoted to religion—*now*, she is the betrothed bride of another."

The young man quitted the house a prey to the most poignant anguish, and going he knew not whither, he directed his steps towards a hill; but what was his joy on seeing the beautiful object of his love accompanied by Adelaide, each holding a small basket, and conversing in high spirits.

Jealousy immediately seized him; he thought she was talking of her approaching nuptials, when Gabrielle raising her eyes, and seeing Ermano, was seized with a sudden faintness, and fell. He flew to save her, but she was pale, cold, and devoid of sense.

Adelaide, to whom he was a stranger, thanked him, and begged he would inform the Count d'Esterville of the accident; but he, listening only to his passion and his fears, continued to support his be-

loved, and she was obliged to be satisfied with rubbing her hands; and at length Gabrielle heaved a deep sigh, and soon after opened her eyes.

For some time she appeared insensible to all around her; but Adelaide turning her head to know whence proceeded a noise she heard, the lovers exchanged looks. Those looks, what did they say? or, rather, what did they not say? Ah! that language of the heart, more eloquent a thousand times than speech, said all. Gabrielle soon rose,—Ermano assisted her. Adelaide, who did not think the assistance of a young man could be agreeable to her friend, eagerly inquired if she could not walk without his assistance. Gabrielle did not appear to hear her, but, the young Count, seeing D'Esterville's mansion, and perfectly satisfied in regard to the sentiments of his adored Gabrielle, thought it best to take leave. As Adelaide was not acquainted with the stranger who had assisted Gabrielle, and she did not say a word which could cause a suspicion that she knew him, the accident was soon forgotten, and Gabrielle enjoyed in secret the assurance that she was beloved, and her happiness had no bounds.

Another six months passed away, when her father desired her to prepare for her union with Adolphus Torigny. Gabrielle assured him she had no wish to marry. The Count seemed surprised that she should dare to offer an obstacle to his wishes, and a few days after presented her to an old man of sixty-five, though she was only fifteen.

Gabrielle received his attentions with great coldness, and feeling herself fortified by the conviction that she was beloved by Ermano, assured her father that she would never marry a man whom she could not love. "Love!" exclaimed her father; "do you know what love is? and have you dared to dispose of your heart without my permission?" His daughter replied, blushing, and casting down her eyes, "All that I request, my dear father, is to remain as I am."

Her father then vaunted the advantages of the marriage, which was the more desirable, as Adolphus was extremely rich, and immediate heir to the title.

Gabrielle refused so resolutely, that the Count at length told her, that if, in a week, she was not more obedient, she should return to the convent to remain. How can words express the grief of the Countess, who loved her daughter with the most ardent love; she entreated her husband not to torment the poor child,—above all, not to force her into such an unequal marriage. All that she could obtain was a week, at the expiration of which her daughter was torn from her arms, which was a poniard to her heart.

On her return to the convent, the nuns received her with great affection; they assured her that they had never ceased to pray for her, and that they had never doubted of her return.

They applauded her for having so generously trampled the world and its vain pleasures under foot, and exhorted her never to consent to marry.

Gabrielle, whose grief at leaving her mother was extreme, and miserable at being again in the convent, returned their caresses with coolness; and, to augment her sufferings, Father Gerardin had left, and in his place was a narrow-minded, bigoted monk.

The conduct of the nuns soon changed towards her, and her sufferings became insupportable, when, at the end of six weeks, the good Father Gerardin arrived to withdraw her for ever from the convent. He was accompanied by Adelaide and one of her friends.

The nuns received the good father with great repugnance. They had sent him from the convent because they did not think that he promoted the interest of it by augmenting their number, and now they attributed to him the resolution of Count d'Esterville of withdrawing his daughter. They hesitated whether they should allow her to go, but at length fear prevailed, and they no longer resisted. In effect, remorse for his cruelty, and the grief of the Countess, joined to the remonstrances of Father Gerardin, induced the Count to recall his child. At her return she had the grief of finding him dangerously ill, having been suddenly indisposed after the departure of the good father.

During his illness Gabrielle assisted her mother in tending him with the greatest assiduity.

One day, after thanking her for her attention, he informed her of the offer of Ermano, and of his refusal. "Now, my dear Gabrielle," added he, "I am sorry for it, and would, if possible, repair my fault." Gabrielle fell at his feet and owned all.

Father Gerardin was sent to inform Ermano of the change in the Count's sentiments; after which he appeared to recover. He received the young Count de Villanuova with respect and affection; the marriage was soon after celebrated with great pomp and solemnity, but he survived only a short time, and was followed to the grave in two months by the Countess, who fell a victim to grief and her previous sufferings, having never recovered the shock of her son's death.

THE REFORM OF REFORMS.

IN every attempt to bring about a better state of things, so far as the human understanding has any participation in it, clearness and precision in the mode of stating it are essential to success. The so frequently observed absence of these qualities from statements or propositions put forth by the well-intentioned is to be accounted for—not so much by the inapplicability of the suggested improvement, as by the want of a clear intuition in the proposer's mind of the constituent elements and primary motions in the human being. What each one asserts, even although it differs from each other one's assertion, may nevertheless be true for itself, while at the same time, taken with relation to the all-comprehensive, it is false. Yet it is assumed to be all-comprehensive. In considering Man as the being to be bettered, it is scarcely possible to admit too much into the category of existence. Yet how little is generally granted, even by those very individuals who should themselves be living conscious examples of man's universal nature! A twofold existence is, however, so generally conceded, that no violence will be committed by assuming in this review such twofoldness under any suitable pair of terms, as the inner and outer, the antecedent and consequent, the mental and earthly life.

In concurrence with this position, we may assert that the reforming

projects put forth by reformers at the present day are founded on consequences or results, having no respect to ends or human destiny, considering man as to his earthly life only.

Although such reformers admit there is another life, they make it to rest wholly on the physical as a basis, whereas, the fact is, that the physical is the last consequence, or the *res-ult*, of an antecedent life, on which it therefore depends.

In pursuance of their ideas on this erroneous principle such reformers propose to devote all attention to outward arrangements, asserting that there are no other amending means. And even while they are in a remarkable degree moved by the highest interior life, that is to say, the all-pervading Love Spirit, towards accomplishing its own destiny in man, they are most firm in its denial intellectually. Affirmations in being, negations in perception. Of this Love Spirit, every human being, whether he knows it or not, is a manifestation, and the progress affected for new principles in every quarter and under the most fierce opposition, is absolute demonstration of the fact.

While from various motives the New-Spirit Propositions meet with an externally cold reception, or a verbal denunciation, the reforming angel has a secret entrance into every heart, and finds a prepared home in every bosom. It is because they who have been so deeply instructed to reject the newness, and who make an earthly profit by the continued life and support of the old spirit, find *in themselves* a deep and true response to the new spirit's affirmations, that they tremblingly anticipate the downfall of their old maintenance. If they had not a nature in themselves really feeling thus, they could have no comprehension of others being affected, nor apprehension of their own career being endangered. The truth and universality from the new, echoed in their own consciences, is the basis for the attributed falsehood and narrowness.

To the multitude of expedients already extant in the thinking world for renovating the human race, the present year witnesses the addition of two, whose claims merit investigation on account of the universality in their assumptions, whether they can or not be hailed with approbation by reason of the hope of success.

In "Fourierism" and in "the Home Colonization Society" we have the outworking of the New Generation Spirit in two new modes, which, although for a long time, perhaps, germinating and quickening in their respective projectors' minds, have only just come to an outward manifestation.

We hail these as fresh evidences and further confirmation of the working of this love spirit in all sentient beings; but, at the same time, we are bound to sift their claims to the lofty and honourable positions they assume, and to see whether they really promise more satisfactorily than their predecessors to lead to human redemption.

The fairest and most friendly exposition of the greater part of the plans yet brought under discussion, shows them to be of that order which politicians call temporary expedients; they do not involve organic changes; they would merely alter the surface and the appearances, while the basis and the reality remain untouched. We have to inquire whether a deeper value can be assumed for these.

Now it appears that no injustice is done to them by placing them in the same class, for it is because they are plans of this description that they lay claim to man's attention. They only assume to touch the profane or outward life; the sacred or inward they professedly avoid. It is on the sound and wholesome regulation of external affairs that they rely for approbation. Now, if man's real wants are other or deeper than these, it is evident that no supply is furnished him here. Like most other modern propositions on the subject of human renovation, they rely too much upon doings, as if it were possible for man, by greater activity, *as he is*, to become *other than he is*. No additional doings of an unhappy man can make him happy; no busy occupation by an idiot can transform him into a wise man.

The present age is ripe with projects for doing things. Not that the things are done; but it is supposed, that if done, man would be happy. It is, indeed, possibly true, that if they were actualized, man would be happy; because, only the happy man, that is to say, the love-spirit man, can enact them. For the *acting man* requires the spirit-being nature, or the *spirit-being man*, to maintain him. The active man must *be*, or have, spirit-being realized to the point necessary, to do these happy things. Spirit-being, therefore, it is, which man wants, in order both to think correctly and to act happily.

The scientific activity of which the world is at this moment so full, and which is reducing the physical roughnesses into some sort of smoothness, literally making the rough places plain, cannot, in its utmost and widest application, reach beyond its own sphere, which is that of physical arrangement, based on sensual experience and observation. If man were simply and alone a physical being, it might be very well to attend to physical conditions exclusively, for the evolution of the physical nature only. But he happens to be more. Of spirit-being the elements at least are bound up in the very lowest human specimens, and but a little progress suffices, in some degree, to call them into active life. No sooner are the animal wants satisfied than another series of wants starts into appetite, and must demand its supplies. After all the well-founded outcry respecting insufficiency of food, it is under the condition of its abundance alone that so many excellent mental schemes could be brought out. Science is, to the modern aspirant, what war was to the ancient Roman, and art was to the Greek. And when Fourier and the Home Colonization Society extend the scientific circle to a larger inclusion of objects for human convenience than scientifics usually contemplate, they are still but scientific operations, whose sphere is limited to the physical nature, or to mental speculations, physic-based.

Such philosophers, it appears, have yet to learn, that altered conditions do not alter man, to whatsoever extent they may modify men's expressions. Their being remains unchanged in all the modalities, the polishings, the refinements, into which it may be brought. When another nature is spoken of, it is constantly placed under the external arrangements, as a something to be influenced by them. Now, the misfortune is, that on whichever side good influences come to man, whether from without or within, they are but influences, and not real existences; and to set about making a system of mental and moral

influences, seems to be a confirmation in that very error which should be avoided as most dangerous.

An influence is opposed to the permanent. Thus in respect to real being, little or nothing is gained by influence. An influence is a flowing in, and is not the abiding. That which readily flows in, readily flows out again. When we find the public quickly influenced on any subject, we confidently predict that they will be as quickly dis-influenced. It is common enough to witness the results of mental influence: the exhibition is something like that made by drawing forth a metal spring. So long as a more powerful force presses against the spring, it is held in the new mode, but the moment the extraneous or influential power is removed, the spring flies back to its original position. Such are the influentializations of preaching, which continue just as long as the preacher's voice is heard, and no longer. The weekly sermon of twenty or sixty minutes from goodly lips, to which every other minute in the week, and every other assertion is a flat contradiction. Nor are the influentializations of education much more valuable. It is a deeper process than either which declares of real being.

The projectors of these plans desire that men should *be otherwise than they are*, yet they propose only those measures which *modify present being*. Now new being cannot arise from modification of old being. And new being influence is only a glance or shadow from new being, and not new being itself. Hence it is to be asserted, that what mankind wants is more real being. No preaching nor assent to principles, nor education, is added being. No modification or improvement, or education of the old, can attain that happiness which is the peculiar attribute of the new; neither can either of these in any way substitute the new. The new is as clearly something added to the old, as the ripstone graff is added to the crab stock; no mere self-development of which could raise it above the condition of an improved crab.

A tabular statement will assist in rendering these propositions more plain and probably self-evident. Taking man, as when integral and entire he must be, as a tri-triune being, thrice threefold natured, we are enabled to consider him in three respective natures, and as having three aspects in each nature. Thus then, as a ninefold being, is not too complicate a machine to estimate humanity. The first or highest, is the spirit-sphere, in which Man is an Idea-Law-Being, the immediate recipient of Love: the second is the Spiritual-sphere, that in which he is an Affection-Intellect-Agent, the mediate recipient of Light; the third is the Natural, in which he is a Feeling-Observing-Worker, the ultimate recipient of human Life. Thus:—

	1.	2.	3.
First.	LAW.	IDEA.	BEING.
Second.	AFFECTION.	INTELLECT.	AGENT.
Third.	Feeling.	Observing.	Worker.

The third nature is not that in which the first and second natures originate; but the second, when in true order, grows out of the first, and the third out of the second. Such is the fact, though the contrary appears to the philosophic eye. Of the first, it may be pretty safely asserted, taking the world at large, that nothing is known; of the se-

cond, that little is known, and that little confusedly and untruly; and of the third, that much is practically known, much is declared, much is hoped. Nor is this view a detractive one; for the pride and boast of the current philosophy is, that it rejects the primary and secondary natures in the height here asserted, and makes such portions of them as it cannot help admitting to have some sort of existence, to be mere emanations or unwholesome vapours of the lower nature. It pronounces the human heart "a beautiful hydraulic machine," and thought a secretion of the material brain."

Thus popular ontological science asserts, that *real* being is built up of observations made in the *actual* sphere; the mind is made dependant on the senses, and happiness is supposed to be derivable from the circumstances whereby life is surrounded. How mistaken! As well might the sources be asserted to arise from the stream, instead of the stream from its source, or any other antecedent from its consequent, instead of the latter from the former. While the observations are made so important, the observer, who must be higher than the observations he makes, and antecedent to them, is entirely forgotten. While sensations are allowed thus to displace sensible being, the truth has no secure hold. And so long as happiness is sought in results, it will continue unattained. Happiness is not found among results, but is itself a consequence generated organically of two antecedents, creature and life. Every happy sensation must be below the generators; therefore cannot arise from the circumstances, but is one of them.

The striking characteristic of the active philosophy is that of a total falling down or decadence into the objective sphere, where every thing falls into separation, and the unity is not found. This philosophy makes the organization superior to the organized, and the organized superior to the organizer. It declares that mind is built up of sensible observations; and that mind, in like manner, builds up all that is usually deemed superior to it. The chymist, because he works in matter, says, that his ideas are made by sensible objects striking his senses; and the religionist, because he has the Scriptures in his hand, declares he is to form a judgment of God's Word: both of them reversing the truth, which is, in the first case, that the chymist is the subject operating on his objective chymicals; and, in the latter, that God's Word judges the religionist. The former submits himself, unnecessarily, to a degrading materialism: the latter, having made a deific notion for himself (idea we cannot call it) puts his faith into it, and then, in boastful self-gratulation, affirms that he has faith in God. The higher is by inherency the antecedent or subject; the lower nature always the consequent or object; and our Reform expedients must continually come to nought, so long as they are founded on the negative or objective basis. We see, indeed, how almost universal is the assent to good principles, while good being to realize them is almost wholly wanting. So the case must remain as long as we look to life-lust and busy activity as the source of moral power; to eye-lust and external sight, as the origin of moral intelligence; or to flesh-lust and want-on-ness, or sensual gratification, as the cause of moral happiness.

REFORM, indeed, we do want, or rather a series of new forms,

which common-sense expects not to arise from any action of the old forms; but rather by the Progress-spirit generating the new in a Progress-manner. A crop of ripe wheat is not exactly a reformed dung-hill; but a progress wrought by generation, which appears in fresh forms. New social phalanges, or phalansteries, will not be born of a modification of old notions, neither of *a knowledge* of new principles and practices; but in the submission of the old nature to the regenerative spirit.

PROGRESS, indeed, we do want; but progress does not consist in an improvement of what now *is*, but in an elevation in being: it is the forthcomingness of something antecedent to present existences. Improvements must be distinguished from Progress. The former consist merely in modal changes, which leave the being, the nature itself untouched. A quill may be improved into a pen, but its nature remains as before. A tree may be sawn into timber, the timber may be carved into statues resembling men; but after all these efforts, a piece of wood it still remains: its inward life and organization are no higher or other than they were previously, unless indeed we consider them with relation to vegetable livingness as much deteriorated. A human being, by education, may be modified from a boor to a scholar; but the natures that would cause him to love the whole human race, and to be at one with all-pervading power, may be as far away as before.

GENERATION is necessary for the incoming of these two natures. They come not by practical reform, for *it* is a result from them; they come not by a knowledge of theoretical principles, for true principles are their offspring, but from Love, the One Generator.

To sum up, then; while we admit the necessity for Reform, and assert the Progress-Law, we must not fail to remember that both these in their valuable aspect arise by a new generation. Reform we will have; yes; not, however, a form reform, but a Progress-Reform. Progress we will have, it must not, however, be an improvement progress, but a Generation-Progress. Generation we will have; it must not, however, be a self-love generation, but a universe love generation. Thus we omit no proposition for good, but if it can be accepted in the German fashion, we would run the threefold idea into one word, and say, we want no less than a Generationprogressreform. C. L.

SOME THOUGHTS ON INSTINCT.

INSTINCT has always presented to the definitive mind a rather perplexing subject of definition. So much of our knowledge, under the scholastic or scientific system of instruction, is first brought to us on the verbal side, that nearly one half of our years of tuition is occupied in accepting the definitions of things. By that time, if successful, the mind discovers that definitions are not the things defined; that definitions, though they have a close relation to the words which are used to signify the things, leave it almost as far as ever from a true knowledge of the things signified. The second half of man's tuitionary probation, therefore, consists in the twofold operation of forgetting the

shallow definitions in which he has thus been hand-dabbling, and in endeavouring to plunge into the deeper waters of actual experience, wherein alone is well-founded hope of real knowledge, and of the power either to take or to give a true definition of any of those words or things, so harassing and unsatisfactory to the word-monger and the mere definitionist. No names have more frequently evaded the defining power, (which is by no means a divining power,) than those of genius, conscience, instinct, and the like. With the last mentioned we propose now to deal. A just definition of poetry is no easy matter; perhaps, because the poetic mind, in other respects the best qualified to give it, is the farthest removed from the definition-seeking state; but instinct, which is an inquiry much closer to the practical philosopher, has, it seems, fared no better. Hear the evidence of Lords A. and B. p. 154, of vol. 1, Brougham's *Discourses*.

"There are no modern books which fully discuss this subject systematically, either as regards instinct or intelligence. One is exceedingly disappointed on consulting our best writers, whether metaphysicians or naturalists, with this view; and the omission is the less to be excused because there are great opportunities of observing and comparing; this branch of knowledge is eminently suited to inductive reasoning; we live, as it were, among the facts, and have not only constant facilities for making our experiments, but are in some sort under a constant necessity of doing so." "Yet a physiologist, who also applied himself to the mental part of the inquiry, would be the person best qualified to grapple with its difficulties, and to throw light upon it."

So liberal a confession by so redoubtable a champion of the practical knight-errant lists, is not by us to be gainsayed. The whole host of them, it seems, have wrought in vain. Facts are observed, their records are collected, theories are spun, which again are illustrated by new facts, but all without a valuable result. After such failures, the impertinence of any further attempt, and that, too, in a manner so different as ours would necessarily be, to that above prescribed by his Lordship, must be obvious. For we, in contradistinction to Lord B., think that the road to universal truth is not paved by physiological experiment

Man, as a living, organized being, has in himself instincts enough, without descending to the bee and the ant for an elucidation of the idea. Man, in one point of view, may fairly be defined a bundle of instincts. As these are developed more and more, he more and more becomes man. In the multitude of efforts which have been made to let the world have the benefit of the student's devotion to the subject, the prevailing notion has been to separate and contrast Instinct and Reason. Now there is no necessity so to consider the matter. Let us, at all events, for once look at it from another point, when it may possibly appear that Reason, so far from being of a nature opposed to Instinct, is only a prolongation, or extension, or elevation, of a like nature, or of the same nature. Begin with the lowest idea of creation, the object in the outward world which exhibits the smallest portion of the feeblest instinct. Let it be an instinct so blind and mechanical, that it never was observed to act in the slightest degree

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shallow definitions in which he has thus been hand-dabbling, and in endeavouring to plunge into the deeper waters of actual experience, wherein alone is well-founded hope of real knowledge, and of the power either to take or to give a true definition of any of those words or things, so harassing and unsatisfactory to the word-monger and the mere definitionist. No names have more frequently evaded the defining power, (which is by no means a divining power,) than those of genius, conscience, instinct, and the like. With the last mentioned we propose now to deal. A just definition of poetry is no easy matter; perhaps, because the poetic mind, in other respects the best qualified to give it, is the farthest removed from the definition-seeking state; but instinct, which is an inquiry much closer to the practical philosopher, has, it seems, fared no better. Hear the evidence of Lords A. and B. p. 154, of vol. 1, Brougham's *Discourses*.

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beyond the smallest manifestation attributed to it. An instinct so small it is impossible to confound with reason. This instinct, or faculty, or capacity, say it is merely that faculty manifested in mere inorganic matter, known under the name gravitation. Take it as low as we may, lower and lesser than this, if possible: can the mind hesitate about granting the conclusion, that this faculty or instinct is an exhibition of instinct itself in its eternal, universal, trine life? So then of each and every higher and higher instinct, up to that of the ingenious bee, or the sagacious elephant. All these instincts are so many faculties, or conduit pipes, for the inflowing and the exhibition of universal instinct.

The argument of the unalterable mode in which instinct works, and the variableness of rational operations, may be said to cast a doubt over this view of the matter. But natural philosophy is not without its queries and difficulties on this point. The bee which for six thousand years has built her cell in one uniform manner, does so only under ordinary circumstances; and when these are artificially or violently interfered with, the result is not her destruction, nor the failure of her work; but there is developed another and a new instinctive chord or fibre, by which she is connected with instinct, and naturalists are undetermined whether it partakes more of reason or of instinct. This adaptation to new circumstances, like that process which is called education or training when applied to horses, dogs, &c., need not cause any difficulty in the matter. Each of these fibres or chords, or instincts, is one more added, in manifestation, to those which were observable before. Where, in the mineral, are exhibited two or three instincts; in the lower vegetable, four or five; in the higher, eight or nine; in the animal, ten, twelve, or more; in the rational being are observable fifteen or twenty; in the sympathetic, twenty-five or thirty; in the moral, forty; in the divine, fifty, or whatever number shall be used to exemplify the universal.

Against these sentiments, there will uprise the usual statement, that instinct and rationality are so totally distinct, that they cannot safely be brought under any one designation, that they oppose each other in many respects,—above all, in that the nature of instinct is impulsive or blindly generative, while that of reason is calculating and watchfully conscious. That instinct is ignorant action, reason is regulated thought, genius is beneficent sensation. Thus that instinct, as exemplified in the vegetable or animal creation, is, in its several modes, a perfect work; while all that is connected with man, as a moral being, is imperfect.

The facts upon which this inference is founded, are no doubt real, but the inference itself may, for all that, be possibly wrong, especially as there are two branches in the deduction. In the first place, the observer is by no means certain of the perfection, with relation to absolute perfection and absolute instinct, of those instinctive works which are outwrought through the irrational instincts. Their uniformity or monotony, and their utility and beauty, do not demonstrate their perfection, although there is throughout abundant proof offered that those departments of creation are now more in accord and harmony with the designed end, than are the rational and sympa-

thetic instincts as exemplified in man. In the second place, the condition which in instinct is called perfect, and which in man is called rational, arises from the completion rather than perfection of the former. The animal instincts are complete for a certain prescribed and circumscribed end, while the rational, and all other human instincts, being yet progressive, do not, and cannot, exhibit that completeness which is visible in the former. Yet man is no less than the vegetable a bundle of instincts, and as fast as these are, one by one, brought back to their source, instinct, and firmly reunited therewith, those of the moral kind, will be as impulsively and completely acted out, as now are those of the blood circulation, gastric assimilation, or any other of the animal instinctive secretions.

Every animal in its due career is progressed apparently, from instinct to instinct; but more correctly speaking, new instincts are consecutively opened and ripened in it. As the egg instincts are succeeded by the chick instincts, the chick by the hen instincts or faculties, and so forward. It is clearly one design, one creative law, which is thus working out the being, and there are merely so many connexions, more or less in each case, by which the end is attained. The bee and the ant are only more perfect in their instincts than man is, because they are nearer the perfect source or instinct. Permission does not seem to be granted in some of the degrees of instinct to wander from that source, and to such the term instinct would by some minds be confined. But it is as difficult to draw this line as any other. One thing, however, is very clear, that so far as the instigated being is separated from instinct, and is immersed and mixed in with the *objects* of instinct, so far pain, misery, or destruction, attends such being. When the wasp dips too deep in the treacle basin or the apple juice, which man has contrived for himself, he gets drowned for his sensuality. Now, man, as he is, is too much mixed and at one with the objects of instinct to be entirely instinctively moved. Man as he should be is one with instinct, and is thereby its exhibition upon, and not in subserviency to, the objects of the instincts.

Nor let it be supposed that one of the divisional instincts grows out of another, or rests upon an under one, like the bricks of a house. Each instinct or faculty must be linked with and grow out of instinct itself; which is a centre to all instincts; as animal life is a centre to all animals, and does not permit one animal to grow upon another disconnected with the life centre.

Nor dare we properly separate the instincts from consciousness and sensations of a corresponding degree. Animals can most undoubtedly feel, and though it be with only an animal feeling, it is no less real than the mental; and from all that can be observed, the field of consciousness in the lower animals is just as extensive as, or indeed is correlative with, the instinctive nature. The three are in fact a trine or one. And as is the number of instincts, or the degree of instinct, manifestly present in any one department of creation, so is the degree of feeling, and the depth of consciousness. We have no more right to deny a vegetable consciousness to a tree, than the vegetable feelings or the vegetable instincts. So, as man understands his instinct position, he will discover that the more in-

instinctive, or rather we should say, instincted he becomes, the deep e and the more vivid grows the Conscience to him, and the more prevalent and happy is the Genius in all he thus consciously does. So far, then, from instinct having to be separated from reason, and to be placed in opposition to it, and again these two each and severally to be antagonized against Creative Genius, the three hold concurrent jurisdiction, the three have coincident manifestation. Man truly is a bundle of instincts; he is no less a bundle of consciousnesses; he is equally a bundle of sensations: and yet there are not three bundles, but one bundle!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Caroue's Story of a Child, of which we here offer a very simple translation, is not altogether the childish thing some might, at first sight imagine, but full of delicate intimations even of high and beautiful truths. Of such tales, all formal explanations are vain: we must commend them to the reader with the saying—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." But we do think such a story as this (full of childish mysticism if you please—and what is all our dead, dry knowledge without any infusion of this mysticism or poetry?)—while it may afford amusement to the child, may be studied by the man; and though we may be laughed at for it, we do say, that if the reader has no delight in it, we think the worse of him. We need not point out such beauties as the *humanizing* illustrations of natural phenomena, such as are found in Chap. II. The man of science would sink humanity, with all its fine dreams, in the unspiritual machinery of nature: the poet and the child elevate nature to humanity. *All things speak to something above themselves*; and this is the right way. Then how amusingly the hard little utilitarians are given in the mouse and the lizard! see Chap. VI. And how well the old controversy between the worldly mind and the soaring spirit is given in Chap. XIII.! And then, is the tale of the "Will-o'-the-Wisp" without solemn warning to all dark, fiery critics and ungentle souls, who love not the light and the truth? Surely not. And are not those advocates of divorce, Locke and Berkeley, settled with in Chap. VII.? And does not the reader love the fire-flies more when he has read this story? and if it only teaches him to love a fire-fly, is it not a better book than "Jacob Fretwell's Last Refutation of the direful Semi-pelagian Errors of Dr. Muddle?" And is there no prophecy in the song of the lark? and no comfort in the resolution of the child "*not to go back to his dark little hut?*" Might this not instruct even the Puseyite Doctors, who always, to save themselves from breaking their noses against some of the heresies with which the future is pregnant, *throw themselves on their backs*, and lie there, and pray for their toes to grow out behind their heels, that they may be saved from the American mania of "*going forwards?*" Can they not find instruction when the child finds *that he can sleep in other places besides his "own dear little bed?"* And, finally, may not our Scotch psychologist find guidance in the child who stayed not to gaze in a looking-glass which hung in a dim corner of his little hut, but went out at once into the wide world? We throw out these hints for all whom they may concern, and request them to read the story while they walk about in a green field; by no means after hearing Joseph Hume, nor even Sir Robert Inglis, speak in the House of Commons! THETA.

THE LIFE OF A CHILD;

OR A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

1. There was once a child who lived in a little hut, and there was nothing in the hut but a little bed, and in a dark nook hung a looking-glass. The child never troubled himself about the looking-glass;

but, as soon as the first sunbeam glanced through the round window-panes and kissed his eyelids, while out of doors the little finches and linnets began to carol their morning songs to waken him, up sprang the child, and went out into the meadow, and begged some meal of the primrose, and sugar of the violet, and caught dew-drops of the cowslip in a blue flower-cup, and spread out a broad lime-leaf with his little dainties, and refreshed himself sweetly. And sometimes he invited to breakfast the humming bee, but more frequently the gay butterfly, and, still oftener, the blue dragon-fly. The bee murmured in his heart many things about his riches, but the child thought these heaped-up treasures could not make the possessor happy ; for it must be much more delightful to float about in the free spring breeze, and play to and fro in the web of the sunbeams, than, with heavy feet and heavy heart, to scrape together silver wax and golden honey in a close, dusky cell. The butterfly quite approved the child's opinion, and related how once he himself was very mean and greedy, thought of nothing but eating, and never so much as *looked up* to heaven. At last he fell into a trance, and was shut up *in himself* for a while, and then again, half dreaming, he crawled about slowly on the dirty soil, till, in a little time, he awoke, as if out of a heavy sleep, and found himself quite changed, soul and body. Now he could *fly* in the *free air*, and found it his dearest joy to play with the light, and reflect the splendours of heaven from the eyes of his wings, or to hover quietly over the whispering flowers, and listen to their secrets. This pleased the child rarely, and, while his friend the butterfly talked away, the breakfast tasted very sweetly, and the sunshine on the leaves and flowers was most cheering and beautiful. And when the bee was gone away on his begging excursion, to fill his bag once more, and the butterfly had flown away to his gay companions, the dragon-fly would sit upon a stalk of grass, and her slender little body glanced in the sunbeam, and looked more brightly blue than the heavens above, and her two pairs of wings would banter the flowers because they could not fly away, but must remain still in one place and endure the winds and the showers. The dragon-fly just sipped a little from a clear dew-drop, sweetened the draught with a taste of honey from the violet, and then talked very fluently. And the child ceased to nibble his dainties, closed his dark blue eyes, and inclined his little head to hear the pleasant talk. Then the dragon-fly told fine stories of joyful life in the greenwood ; how she played "hide and seek" with her companions behind the leaves of the beech and the oak, and "hunt the hare" over the still waters of the little pools, and then would rest and gaze on the sunbeams ; how they glided from the mosses to the herbs, and to the bushes, over all diffusing light and warmth. By night the moonshine gleamed all about, and dropped dew into the mouths of the thirsty flowers, and then again, when the morning-glow threw down light heavenly roses on the slumberers, to wake them up, the little half-drunken flowers would laugh at each other ; but many of them could hardly lift up their heavy little heads. So the dragon-fly talked away ; and as the child still remained motionless, with closed eyes, leaning his head upon his hand, she thought he was fast asleep ; so she spread out her double wings, and fled away to the rustling greenwood.

2. But the child was only fallen into a happy dream, fancying he should like to be a sunbeam or a moonbeam, and listen continually to the friendly dragon-fly's stories. But when all was still, he opened his eyes and looked round for his pleasant friend: but the winged storyteller was flown away to the wood. Then the child could sit no longer there *alone*; so he arose and went down to the side of the purling brook. And the little brook purred and curled, and rippled away most merrily, and tumbled its waves over and over quite comically, preparing to throw itself head-over-heels into the stream below, as if it felt close behind the heavy hill from which it had only just made its escape by a desperate leap. Then the child entered into conversation with the little billows, and asked them where they came from. For some time they would give him no answer; but kept tumbling away, one over the back of another, till at last a crystal little wavelet hushed itself down quietly behind a stone to please the friendly child. And the little wave told the child strange stories, more than he could understand; for it told him of its previous adventures in the dark inside of the hill. "A long while ago," it began, "I lived, in peace and unity, with a numerous family of sisters in the great sea. There we had many charming pastimes together: sometimes we leaped up hand-in-hand into the air to peep at the stars; and then again we would plump down—deep, deep, and see the corals working in their dark cells *to come up to the dear light*. But I was rather conceited, and thought myself much better than my sisters. So as the sun came down to the sea, I hung fast to a warm beam, and fancied I could get up to the stars and be one of them. But I did not get up very high before the sunbeam shook me off, and, without more ado, let me fall upon a dark, thick cloud. Soon fire flashed through the cloud, and I trembled in danger of my life, and then the whole cloud fell down upon a hill-top, and down I came, too, with some vexation and a black eye. Now, thought I, all the danger is over, as I slipped away over a stone; but I fell down again, from one pebble to another—down, down—till I came quite into the heart of the hill, where all was pitch-dark, and I could neither hear nor see anything more. Then I felt, indeed, that 'pride goes before a fall;' but I resigned myself to my fate; and as I had laid aside my pride when in the cloud, so here I got a little taste more of the salt of humility, and, after much purification, through the mysterious virtues of the metals and stones in the hill, I once more ventured out *into the free cheerful air*. And now I will hasten again back to my sisters in the sea, and there wait patiently till I am called to some better fortune." Scarcely had the little wave done speaking, when the root of a "forget-me-not" seized it by its curl, and sucked it in to make of it a flower like a little blue star, to shine, with friendly glance, in the green firmament of earth.

3. The child knew not what to say to all this; but went home full of thought, lay down in his little bed, and dreamed all night long about the sea, and the stars, and the dark mountain. The moon looked kindly down upon the little slumberer as he lay with his head softly reclined on his right arm. She stayed long looking in at the window of the little hut, and then reluctantly passed on to throw her gentle radiance over the chambers of some sick people. But while the soft moonlight lay on the eyelids of the child, he fancied that he

was sitting in a golden boat, upon a great, wide sea, and stars, beyond number, swam and glittered in the deep blue mirror of the water.

He put down his hand to seize the nearest star; but just as he seemed to touch it, it vanished away, and the water was sprinkled over his face. Then he found out *that these were not the right stars*, and he looked up to heaven and longed to fly thither. Meanwhile the moon passed along on her way; and now the dream carried the child up into the clouds, and there he imagined he sat upon a little white sheep, and saw many, very many, little lambs feeding all round about. He made a snatch at one little lamb to play with it; but *as he touched it*, it dissolved into a thin mist; and the child was troubled at this, and wished to be down again in the meadow beside his hut, where the lambs frisked about playfully. Meanwhile the moon went to sleep behind a hill and left all the fields in gloom; and then the child dreamed that he fell into the dark mountain, and was so frightened at it, that he woke just as the morning over the nearest hill opened her eyes so heavenly clear.

4. The child roused himself, and, to refresh himself after his fright, walked out into the little flower garden behind his hut, where he knew that all the flowers would nod to him a friendly welcome, though the tulips carried their noses a little too high, and the ranunculus made an excuse of a stiff-neck for not giving her little master the usual morning salutation. The rose, with full cheeks, laughed and welcomed the child most cheerfully, and he went up and kissed her on her sweet scented mouth. And the rose complained that the child came so seldom into the garden. There she bloomed and scented the air many a long day in vain: for she saw little of the other flowers; either because they were not high enough, or because they were full of bloom and sweetness themselves. But she delighted most to see herself pictured in the eyes of the child, and to disclose to him the sweet fragrance of the secrets of her heart. Among other things, she told the child that she was "the fulness of present joy:" and the child would have forgotten to go further, had not the larkspur called to him to know if he could regard a true old friend, who had always looked upon him with friendly, blue eyes, and would continue to do so even in death. The child thanked the larkspur for his devotion, and passed on to the hyacinth, near many full-cheeked, gaudy tulips. Before he came near she kissed her hand to him; so dearly did she love him. Though she was not very beautiful, the child felt wonderfully attached to her; for he knew that no flower loved him so warmly and heartily. The hyacinth poured out her full, tender breast, and mourned that she must live so much alone. Her neighbours, the tulips, were so cold and insensible, that she was ashamed of them. But the child reminded her that the tulips spoke their love in the glances of their fine colours, as the hyacinth told her love in fragrant words; and though these were sweeter and better, the others were not to be despised. Then the hyacinth was comforted in her tender heart; and so the child passed on to the dusty little auricula, that glanced up at him good-humouredly from her humble bed, and would have given him more than a kind look, but complained she was very poor. The child was satisfied with the good wishes of the auricula: he felt himself poor also; but he saw, under the yellow dust of the lowly flower, gentle,

but tasteful hues. But the modest auricula sent him on to the lily, whom she owned as her queen. And as the child came nigh the lily, the delicate white flower waved and bowed with becoming grace and gentle lowliness, and breathed out a longing welcome. The child hardly knew what made him feel so ; for the sweetness of the flower-queen streamed into his heart, so that his eyes were wet with tears ; and he saw how the lily looked up to the sun, and the sun again looked down into the pure bosom of the lily, and as they looked into each other's eye, all the golden petals in the flower united, and the child heard one little red lady-bird say to another, in the bottom of the flower-cup, " Do you know that we dwell in the flower of heaven ? " and the other answered—" Yes ; and just now the mystery is fulfilled." Then the child was hasting away, as if to seek something (he knew not what) ; and as he passed the currant-bush, he plucked some of the red berries for his breakfast, and, as the rest would not content themselves to be left, he hasted into his hut that he might not have to give them a denial.

5. But he did not remain long in his hut ; all was so narrow, and dusky, and still there, and out of doors all things seemed laughing and rejoicing in the boundless world. So the child went out again to the greenwood, of which the dragon-fly had told him so many pleasant things ; and there he found every thing even more lovely than he had been told. For wherever he went, the tender mosses kissed his feet, the grasses waved about his knees, and the flowers kissed his hands ; the bushes made way for him as he passed, only just stroking his cheeks, and the high trees seemed proud to spread their shady boughs over him. There was no end to the joys of the greenwood. The little birds piped and warbled as sweetly as they could, and hopped and fluttered about, and all the little flowers bloomed and breathed out fine wreaths of fragrance, and every harmonious sound embraced a sweet odour, and both together entered the heart of the child. The nightingale and the May-flower united their souls most sweetly ; for the nightingale sang nothing but " love," and the May-flower breathed nothing but innocence : one was the bride and the other the bridegroom. The nightingale repeated his song a hundred times, and each time fresh love gushed out of his heart, and the May-flower modestly bowed her head, lest one should see her glowing little heart. And both were so *one*, and each so lived in the other, that the nightingale's notes seemed flying May-flower-blooms, and the blooms seemed congealed drops of the sweet bird's melody. The child was quite full of joy. He sat down and really thought he must grow to the pleasant ground with roots like the plants, that he might have a closer share in all their delights. He had great pleasure in the tiny mosses and quiet little herbs that seemed so nicely sheltered under the shadows of greater plants, from winds and frosts, and so sweetly drank the dew. For there every sunbeam that darted through the upper foliage made a great delight, while the topmost boughs of the high trees only had their great rejoicing in the purple beams of morning and evening.

6. And as the child sat there, a little mouse crept slily out of a heap of dry old-year's leaves, and out of a crack in a rock glided a lizard, and both stared curiously with their clear, glassy eyes at the

little stranger, and, as they saw he meant them no harm, they took courage and came nearer. And the child said, softly, not to scare them, "I should like to live with you; your little chambers are so snug and warm—the herbs grow so nicely over the windows, and the birds sing you up in the morn and to bed at eve."—"Ah!" replied the mouse, "all that would be very fine, if only the plants about us here, instead of silly flowers would bear hazel-nuts and beech-nuts: then, in the spring-time, I should not have to gnaw at their bitter roots while they are making a fine show with their gaudy blossoms above, as if they had abundance of honey in their cellars."—"Hush you!" said the lizard to the mouse; "because you are all dressed in homely gray, I suppose you would have other people cast off all their fine clothes, or let them moulder in their chests under ground, and wear nothing but sober gray all their lives. I am not so envious. For my part, let the flowers deck themselves as finely as they please; it costs them their gold, and they entice the bees and beetles with their sweet scented raiment. All that I like; but what the birds have to do in the world I should like to know: they are to me a continual annoyance: from morn to eve they keep up their chattering and prattling, one day like another, till one almost wishes himself deaf! And they do nothing with all this noise, unless it is now and then to peck the flies and beetles out of our very mouths. For my part, I wish the birds were turned all into cockchafers or May-flies." The child turned all cold and then warm again as he listened to these bad tongues. He could not understand how these creatures should so hate the dear, innocent flowers, and the lovely singing birds. He seemed now wakened out of a happy dream, and the greenwood seemed dull and lonely, and he felt very sad. He aroused himself, and rose up so hastily, that the fearful little slanderers, the mouse and the lizard, crept quickly into their holes; for now they could not bear the glance of his full, clear eyes.

7. The child went away; and as he hung down his head thoughtfully, he did not see how he had taken the wrong footpath, nor how the flowers on both sides saluted him with friendly nods; nor did he hear how the old birds on the boughs, and the young birds in their nests, called to him as he passed by—"Heaven bless you! our lovely little prince!" He went on further and further into the wood, and could not get his mind clear from the talk of the two impudent chatterboxes. He wished to forget it all, but could not; and the more he thought about it, the more he was troubled; and a darkness seemed to gather over his mind. Suddenly he came to a little pool of still clear water, over which two young beech-trees entwined their friendly boughs. He looked down into the smooth, clear pool, and was charmed at the sight; for there he saw all the tender green leaves of the young beech-trees, and between them gleamed the lovely blue sky. He forgot all his trouble about the evil talk of the mouse and the lizard; the echo of their discord died away in his bosom. His heart again showed its gladness in his clear bright eyes, and, as he looked down into the pool, with the boughs, leaves, and blue sky so deep—deep down, he felt he should love to plunge in: but the breeze stirred the boughs; and then he looked up, and saw the glittering green and blue, and he knew not whether he waked or dreamed. Were those ABOVE

or these *BELOW* the real trees and the real heavens? Was the world *below* there just for the sake of the *world above*—or how? The child's mind hovered in mystery; he could not make it out: but just now up flew the dragon-fly, and welcomed him to the woods, and the child laughed out, and was very glad to meet a well-known friend, *to whom he could tell all his joy*. And then he put the question to the dragon-fly, asking her for information about the *ABOVE* and the *BELOW*, about the height and the depth. And the dragon-fly flew up and down awhile over the pool, while the water spake and said,—“The trees and skies *up there* are not the real;—the leaves there fade from the trees, and the skies are often clouded over.” And then said the trees and the skies *above*,—“The water *down there* only imitates us, and must change its colours just as we change ours.” And then the dragon-fly remarked, that the *above* and the *below* were only *for one another*, so distinct *in the eye of the child*; and the trees and skies above and in the water, were *for the mind* of the child to observe and to retain in memory—in themselves they were always changing. At the same time, she advised the child to return home, as the evening breeze began to stir the leaves, and the light was fading. But, as the child confessed that he really did not know his way home, and was afraid that the night would fall around him before he could arrive there, the dragon-fly winged away before him, as a guide, and showed him a comfortable little cave in a rock, where he might spend the night; and the child was very pleased to find that *he could sleep safely even out of his accustomed bed*.

8. Then the dragon-fly hasted away, and thankfulness speeded her flight; for she went about to see how she could provide for her noble young guest in the greenwood, suitable honours. But good counsel was scarce in the twilight: so she fluttered hither and thither, hardly knowing what to do, till, just as the last ray of the sun vanished, she found, near the little cave, some strawberries so rosy as if they had drunk the evening glow, and, near by, stood a *harebell*, to whom the dragon-fly whispered that the little king of all the flowers had honoured the greenwood with his presence that night, and must be suitably acknowledged. Aglaya, the *queen of the harebells*, needed not to be told that good news twice, but immediately began to ring a pleasant chime with all her might; and this when her neighbour flowers heard, they also began to chime sweetly, and soon all the harebells in the wood, great and small, were set in motion, and rung away “Ding-ding-dong!” For the blue bells sounded deeply and solemnly, and the white bells high and clear, and so made harmony. But the birds were asleep in their nests, and the animals in the wood *had not ears fine enough for the music*. Only the fire-flies heard the festive sound; for they were all sisters of the flowers, and rejoiced in one light. They asked of their nearest relatives, the May-flowers, what was the cause of the rejoicings, and learned of them that a *great flower* had gone along the footpath—a flower fairer than the rose, and with two stars brighter than fire-flies—and this must be received as the king of all the flowers! Then all the fire-flies fluttered along over the footpath till they came, as the dragon-fly had desired, to the little cave where the child was resting. And when they spied out the child, and saw themselves reflected in his clear eyes, they flew about

in all kinds of mazes for joy, and gathered together in such numbers at the mouth of the cave, that they made it almost as light as day, and the grasses and mosses began to grow again, as if morning was come. The child was delighted with the sounds of the harebells and the sparkling dances of the fire-flies, and plucked the strawberries, and took his supper in great festivity.

9. When he had done supper, he sat down on his delicate mossy sofa, crossed his little legs comfortably, and began to chat with the fire-flies; and, as he often thought about his unknown father and mother, he asked his merry attendants about their parents. Then one of them gave him the following story:—They had once been *plants*, but *not such as grasp the earth too greedily with their roots*, and only suck food from the ground to grow fat and heavy; but *such as loved the light above all things, and, while the other flowers slept at night, they still kept looking for light, and gladly received it from all sources*—sunlight, moonlight, and starlight. And *the light inwardly purified them*, so that they produced not cold poisonous juices, like some other flowers, but sweet odours refreshing for sick hearts, and warm oils for the wounded and weary limbs. And so, *when seed-time came*, they fell not down upon the earth withered and dead, like other plants, but at once flew into the air, and became brighter and brighter, till they found themselves sparkling fire-flies! This tale pleased the child again, and he asked why so many of them came and danced about in spring-time; and they told him it was to entice, by their green and golden glitterings, their sister-flowers *to love the light!*

10. During this chat, the dragon-fly had been caring for the comfort of her guest in his little chamber. The moss on which she sat grew an ell high, for pure joy, and tempted him to repose at full length thereon. The dragon-fly awakened all the spiders to weave a web across the mouth of the cave, and took care that the mischievous gnats should not slip in to disturb the little sleeper. The child lay on his right ear to sleep, for he was very weary with his pleasures, but sleep he could not; for, after all, the couch of moss *was not his own little bed at home*, and the cave seemed a strange place to pass the night in; and he first lay on the right side and then turned to the left, but all would not do to gain rest; so he sat up to wait patiently till sleep should be pleased to come. But sleep would not come, and so there was the child awake in the wood at night all alone! For the harebells had chimed till they were weary, and the fire-flies had danced till they were tired, and even the faithful dragon-fly first nodded, and then fell asleep; and it became stiller and stiller all through the wood: here and there fell a rustling dry leaf *to make room for a fresh green one*, and here and there a young bird feebly chirped in its dream, and sometimes a gnat just ventured to buzz at the cave's mouth till a spider caught it: and the stiller it became, the more intently the child listened and trembled when he heard any thing. At last all things fell asleep in the wood, *as if they would never wake again*. And the child looked forth to see if it was all as dark outside as in the cave, and all *below* was pitch-dark! But as he looked *upwards*, he met the friendly glances of a few stars, and this revived him; *for now he did not feel all, all alone. Though the stars were*

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far away, he knew about them, and they must know about him, for they looked at him eye to eye. He felt he must leave the cave, and fly up to them ; for, compared with their light, he felt poor and dark, and tied down to earth instead of walking with them in heavenly glory.

11. But the stars passed away, and only left their gleam a moment on the eyes of the child ; and when this too faded away, the child would lie down to sleep ; but, just then, from the still pool of water came floating two flickering lights—*will-o'-the-wisp* and a companion. The child thought, at first, they must be two stars come to visit him, and he breathed deep for joy as one *will-o'-the-wisp* drew nigh and settled down on a moist mossy stone at the mouth of the cave ; and the other came fluttering up, sat down, and said, with a heavy sigh, "Thank heaven ! we can rest awhile now."—"Ah !" said the other, "thank the innocent child there, who drew us hither with his pure breath."—"Are you not stars then ?" asked the trembling child.—"Ah ! if we were stars," said the first, "we might hold on our quiet way in the clear sky, and leave the damp earth all in a mist below."—"And need not," added the other, "creep about the shallow pools here !" The child was now very curious to know who they might be, as they shone so prettily, and yet seemed so sad and melancholy. So the second began to tell how once he was a little child, and then grew up to be a great rogue, delighting to deceive the folk, and seem very wise and clever. He spread a glimmer about him like a candle, and the poor flies were drawn by the light and burned their wings. But at last he met with a plain sort of man, who just uttered two or three simple words and put out all his light in a moment, and left him quite naked, a sport for the world ! And then he tried to flee away from his shame ; but his wings were too moist and he could not see his way clearly, but was forced to hover about damp places as a poor flickering *will-o'-the-wisp*—a light to lead astray ! "My tale is rather different," said the other : "I was reared up among good people ; but, instead of lighting them, I tried to burn them. No one would have anything to do with me ; so I was left to myself. When I saw anybody else shine, I tried to blow his light out ; but, as I did so, my own light went out, and I burned myself. And when any one kindly offered to kindle my light, I only tried to burn them again directly I caught fire. At last I met a little child, who went about laughing and playing with a cross made of palm-wood in his hand, and he had a bright ring of light round above his golden locks. He seized me by the hand, in a friendly way, looked at me with his clear blue eyes, and said : 'See, my good fellow, you are very dark and dismal, but if you will be a child again, as I am, you shall have a golden ring over your head like mine !' As I heard this, I was so angry that the fire inside me burned me up. Then I would fly up to the sun to beg some light ; but his beams drove me down again, and said : 'Go where you came from, dark, angry fire ! the sun only shines in love, and it is corrupt earth that turns its rays into burning fire : go to those like yourself !' I came fluttering down, and hovered about, dimly burning, over a pool of water." During these tales the child had fallen asleep ; for he knew nothing of the world, and so could

make nothing out of such stories. But he felt quite weary, and so fell fast asleep.

12. And he slept softly and sweetly till the morning redness shone over the hills and gave signal of the coming of the sun. And as the signal passed along over the plains, and through the woods, it awakened a thousand cheerful echoes, and everything answered to the call, "Sleep no more!" And as the glorious King of Day lifted his blazing diadem above the hills, and then revealed his face, full of the light of immortal youth, and diffusing a smile at once over all created things, from the tops of lordly oaks to the little mosses around their feet,—a full song of praise and wonder burst out of all hearts through all the plains and woods—all nature seemed one church, the heavens were the roof, the mountains were altars, and all living creatures seemed one communion of worshippers, over whom the Sun, like a great high priest, looked down and shed his blessing. The child hastened out of his little cave to join the glorious jubilee, and found all full of stirring life and heavenly joy around him. Here two golden and rosy finches were pursuing each other in loving mazes—the buds were unfolding, and broad shining leaves spreading themselves out, so open-hearted! in the sunbeams: here trembled and glimmered a dew-drop on the grass, while the delicate moss below thirsted for it; and fluttering insects filled up all the sunny openings in the wood, and all things rejoiced with the child in the freshness of spring-tide life and playfulness!

The child sat down on a mossy bank under a hazel bush to drink of the cup of joy quietly, drop by drop. First he put out of his way some bramble twigs that threatened him, then he pushed the hazel boughs aside to extend his view; then he rolled some little stones away and made a nice place for his feet, and when he had made all comfortable, he sat and thought of what he had to do—and when he found nothing, he got up and ran to seek the dragon-fly, and beg to be guided once more out of the wood into the free, open fields. He met the dragon-fly, coming to seek him also, and she made excuse for not waiting upon him earlier in the morning, by saying that she had overslept herself through the fatigues of yesterday. *The child thought of nothing that was past and gone; but only desired now to get out of the wood and breathe purer air.* So the dragon-fly flew before him till she had led him quite to the outside of the wood, where he could see *his own dear little hut!*

13. The child walked forth into the open dewy field, where a thousand little suns sparkled all around him, while a lark soared and warbled over his head. The lark sang of the joys of the coming year, and raised boundless hopes in the heart, while, in airy circles, she soared higher and higher, till her song sounded like the voice of an angel in the clear blue sky, speaking sweet words to the spirit of the spring-time.

The child saw the earth-coloured bird spring up into the sky, like a messenger from the bosom of the earth to carry thanks to the sun for his light and glory. And the lark, as she soared, made beautiful circles over the wide plains, and warbled of the loveliness of dawning light, the glory of sunrise, and the unfolding of the flowers. And

then she darted up higher, and sweeter and softer fell her notes upon the ear, as she sang of the friendships and loves of the birds, of sweet flights together over sunny plains and mountains, and lonely solitudes in the depths of the blue sky. The child did not understand all this, and yet listened as if he should love to know all about it; *for it made him think of wonderful things!* He looked in vain after the untired bird, for she flew up, up, till, like a spark, she vanished in the blue! Then he turned up his ear to listen to the very highest and lightest tones of the song. And he heard sweet trills of music in the sky, telling of strong desires for the *clear, free air above*, and for the *pure all-filling light*, and for the *full immortal joys of heaven!* The child listened long, and the tones of the lark soared where his thoughts could not follow; but he felt as if his heart had wings and could soar up so lightly too. Then, suddenly, down dropped the lark, like a star from heaven, for even her little body was too heavy, and her wings were too feeble for the pure, thin air, in which she had been warbling.

And then the red *corn-flowers* laughed at the little bird with the great heart, and they called to their neighbour *corn-stalks* and said: "There! you see what comes of *all this soaring up—up* yonder to drink the thin air: one only loses time and toil, and *brings nothing back* but tired limbs and an empty stomach! This mean-looking bird would soar above us, forsooth, to live over our heads up yonder, and a wonderful noise she made about it as she went up so gaily. Now, for her pains, she lies here on the ground, and can hardly get her breath! Meanwhile we have kept by our solid good fare down here, and have grown *a good deal taller and thicker!*" At this speech, the other red *corn-flowers* clapped their hands, and the child was resolved to punish them for their envious talk, when the blooming *Cyana*, blue as heaven, addressed her sisters and play-fellows in a sweet, soft voice: "Do not be deceived, my loves, *by appearances*, nor by such talk as is only founded on *seeming things*. Indeed, the lark is wearied, and the sky where she soared and sang *is empty and still again*; but it was *not the empty sky* that she sought, and she has not returned void. *She soared for love of light and liberty*, and sang in their praise. She left the low joys of earth to drink the pure ether above, and she has seen that *'tis the sun and not the earth that stands fast*. And though the earth has drawn her down again, *the earth can only hold down what is earthly*. The soul of the *song* and the *flight* belongs to the sun, and will enter *into light and liberty*, when these dull braggarts are trampled down and buried in the dark earth." The lark heard this cheerful speech, and sprang up, singing with new strength and joy, into the blue sky! and the child loudly clapped his hands for joy that the dear bird was gone up to sing again; and all the *corn-flowers* were dumb, and hung down their red faces for shame!

14. And now the child was quite joyful again, and breathed freely, *and thought no more of going back to his little hut; for nothing that he saw in the world was going back*, but all *striving forwards and upwards*—the rosy apple-blossoms out of the little buds, as the tones of the lark out of his narrow little bosom. The shoots burst out of the seeds and darted through the earth, *to come to the light*—the grasses grew up and flourished their tresses on high. And *even the very rocks grew soft*, and dressed themselves in tender mosses; and

gave signs, by opening here and there, *that they would not always remain shut up in their darkness.* And the flowers filled the air with sweet scents; *for they would not live for themselves.* And the insects burst their shells in which they had been confined all winter, crept about a little while in a dream, and then unfolded their new-painted wings to the spring-breeze. And, as the gay butterfly fluttered through the blue sky, so every *winter-bound hope* and *desire* loosened itself, and joyously sailed away over the *warm, blue, open and flowing ocean of spring-time!*

CAROUE.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

"As good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills Reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Reasons for a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works, containing Notices of the Defects of former Impressions, and pointing out the lately acquired Means of illustrating the Plays, Poems, and Biography of the Poet. By J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq., F.S.A., Author of the "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," &c. London: Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

OF all literary pretenders, the commentators on the Bible and on Shakspeare have committed the greatest absurdities. It will be long before the mischiefs thus done to religion will be repaired; those done to our dramatic poet seem to be within instant remedy. Mr. Payne Collier has devoted a life of energy to the task; and to him the Council of the Shaksperian Society have properly deputed the honourable office of preparing a correct edition—(*the only correct edition*)—of the works of our greatest poet. We look upon this undertaking as of the utmost importance; of its necessity there can be no doubt. The instances given by Mr. Collier sufficiently show the ridiculous tampering with the text, of which former editors have been guilty, together with the ignorance and want of taste which should have precluded them from the business altogether. We must content ourselves with extracting Mr. Collier's convincing observations on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, proving "that the modern editors of Shakespeare strangely neglected the duty they undertook, as far as respects furnishing an authentic text, supported by the best authority to which they could refer—the folio of 1623. The modern text is taken as it is found in the edition in 21 vols. 8vo, which the late Mr. Boswell saw through the press, and which contains Malone's latest corrections and contributions, besides the notes of Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Reed, and other commentators, during considerably more than a century.

"In act ii. sc. 2, of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Julia asks her maid, Lucetta, her opinion on her various suitors; and first,—

'What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?'

"To which Lucetta replies, according to the folio of 1623,

'As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine.'

How is this line printed in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell? Thus:—

'As *our* knight, well-spoken, neat and fine.'

"In the same scene, on the re-entry of Lucetta, Julia inquires,

'Is it *near* dinner time?'

and Lucetta's answer completes the line,

————— 'I would it were.'

"In Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, the word 'near' is omitted in Julia's question, by which the metre is destroyed; and the omission is the more extraordinary, because Boswell added a note of his own, to inform the reader, that 'Is it' was printed 'Is 't' in the folio; but he did not carry his attention even to the very next word, or he must have seen that it was wanting, even if his ear did not make him acquainted with the deficiency.

"Passing over mere misprints, of which a formidable list might be furnished from this very play, the following striking errors of a different kind in a small part of a single page (iv. 102), are not to be forgiven.

'You would *then* have them always play but one thing.'

"The adverb in *Italic* is an interpolation, without the slightest reason assigned, and as the passage is only prose, no excuse could be found in the requirements of the metre.* In fact, in this scene, some passages meant for colloquial verse, just above the level of ordinary speaking, have been printed by Malone as prose; such, for instance, as Julia's answer to the line above quoted, which ought to be regulated thus:—

'I would always have one play but one thing.
But, Host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?'

"A few lines farther we meet with a careless transposition, which I should not have noticed, but for the other defects in the same passage: the observation of Proteus,

'Sir Thurio, fear not you, I will so plead,'

was allowed by Boswell to stand,

'Sir Thurio, fear *you not*, I will so plead,'†

"Again, on the re-appearance of Silvia at her window, Proteus, in the old copy of 1623, addresses her—

'Madam, good even to your ladyship;'

which is printed by Malone—

'Madam, good *evening* to your ladyship,'

avoiding the authorized and refined term Shakespeare purposely employed, and giving an air of familiarity to the salutation, inconsistent with the relative positions of the parties to the dialogue. These errors (not one of which is countenanced even by the text of the second folio) are all included within a space of nineteen lines; and on the very next page (103), we meet with a passage which is rendered pure nonsense by the substitution of one word for

* "The excuse of the improvement of the metre (though we ought to be far from wishing for any such *improvements*,) may however be made for the unwarranted insertion of the same adverb in a line of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' act i. sc. 1.

'In brief, *then*, sir, sith it your pleasure is,' &c.

"If commentators and verbal critics were to be allowed on all occasions to amend in their own way what they might consider the defective metre of Shakespeare, they would generally make strange work of it. Steevens was the boldest experimenter of this class, although his ear was notoriously most exceptionable."

† "In the following instance of the same kind from 'The Taming of the Shrew,' the transposition would seem to have been wilful:—

'This will I do, and this will I advise you,'

as if, because 'will I' occurred in the first clause of the sentence, it was necessary that it should be repeated in the second. It is printed, 'and this *I will* advise you' in the folio; and perhaps the very reason which induced Malone to make the change (without any notice that he had done so,) was the very reason why Shakespeare wrote the contrary. Where no alteration is absolutely necessary, we are apt to consider the poet the best judge of the mode in which he will express himself."

another. Silvia is reproaching Proteus with injuring his friend by making persevering love to her, and she asks—

————— ‘and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?’

Thus it stands in the first and in all the folio editions; yet in Malone’s Shakespeare, by Boswell, the preposition has been absurdly changed, and the passage is thus given:—

————— ‘and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him *of* thy importunacy?’

A form of expression neither authorized by the original text, nor by the customary mode of writing in the time of Shakespeare. No blunder of the kind can be deemed a trifle, (even if it did not make the passage unintelligible,) where an editor professes to fix the genuine reading of such an author; and when in a subsequent scene of the same act (act iv. sc. 4), we meet with ‘all men’s judgment,’ misprinted for ‘all men’s judgments,’ both substantives having been correctly and consistently written by Shakespeare in the plural, all lovers of our great dramatist ought to be offended.

“This system of blundering (for it may be said to amount almost to a system) is kept up to the very last scene of ‘The Two Gentlemen of Verona,’ where Valentine, addressing the Duke, observes, as the lines appear in the folio of 1623,—

‘And as we walk along, I dare be bold,
With our discourse, to make your grace to smile.’

“In the copy of the play in the edition in 21 vols. 8vo, revised by Boswell and containing Malone’s latest corrections, we find *alone* substituted for ‘along,’ just as if two people could walk alone, and as if the Duke and Valentine would not be surrounded by the other prominent characters in the drama, besides being attended by the ducal train.”

The following remarks upon the dates of Shakspeare’s plays, are highly serviceable:—

“In 1598, as most readers of Shakespeare are aware, Francis Meres published his *Palladis Tamia*,* which contains a list of some of Shakespeare’s plays, then known either because they had been printed or acted: we shall insert the titles exactly as we find them in the work of Meres (Sign. O o 2,) and in the order in which he places them.

‘Gentlemen of Verona.’
‘Errors.’
‘Love Labours Lost.’
‘Love Labours Won.’
‘Midsummer Night Dream.’
‘Merchant of Venice.’

‘Richard the II.’
‘Richard the III.’
‘Kenry the IV.’
‘King John.’
‘Titus Andronicus.’
‘Romeo and Juliet.’

* “In the Bibliographical and Critical Catalogue of the Library at Bridgewater House, (privately printed for Lord Francis Egerton, 4to, 1837,) I suggested that Meres might possibly be the author of the anonymous collection of Epigrams and Satires, published in 1598, under the title of ‘Skialetheia, or a Shadow of Truth,’ 8vo. I have since discovered that the name of the writer of that work is Edward Guilpin, who is known to bibliographers, by some commendatory verses before Markham’s ‘Devereux,’ 1597, &c. The fact is, that ‘England’s Parnassus,’ 8vo, 1600, contains a variety of quotations subscribed ‘Edw. Guilpin,’ and all these are contained in ‘Skialetheia.’ There cannot, therefore, be any doubt that ‘Skialetheia’ was his authorship. It contains much that is illustrative of the opinions, manners, and literature of the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, and particular notices of Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Marston, Hall, &c. It is a work of extreme rarity as well as interest, and it is to be hoped that it may soon be re-printed by one of our Literary Societies.”

"It is supposed that 'Love Labours Won,' is not a lost drama, but 'All's Well that ends Well' under a different title; the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his acute and learned 'Dissertation on the Tempest,' contends that that drama, and not 'All's Well that ends Well,' is the 'Love Labours Won' of Meres; but I do not concur in his view, though supported with ingenuity, among others, for a reason which will appear presently. Including 'Love Labours Won,' Meres only supplies a list of about a third of the existing dramas of Shakespeare; yet he (who was evidently well acquainted with our plays and poetry,) does not speak as if he had omitted any play produced before he published his *Palladis Tamia*.* He does not furnish us with the slightest means of knowing in what order these twelve (or thirteen, if we suppose that Meres includes both parts of 'Henry IV.') dramas appeared, unless we are to take it that he meant to enumerate them in that order. Therefore, although we are thus aware that they were known in 1598 as works by Shakespeare, we are still ignorant of the precise dates when they were produced.

"There is another authority with reference to some of these plays, which has never before been adduced. In 1600 came out 'England's Parnassus,' an octavo volume of more than 500 pages of extracts from plays and poems by various authors, and among them there are nearly 100 quotations to which the name or initials of Shakespeare are appended. Some blunders are certainly committed in these ascriptions, such as attributing a well-remembered passage in 'Richard II.' to Drayton,† and two lines in the 'Fairy Queen' to Shakespeare, but in general they are correct. Most of the extracts are from 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece,' but others are from plays; and it is somewhat remarkable that no play is there quoted, that is not to be found in the list given by Meres. The plays are not named in 'England's Parnassus,' but by tracing the quotations I find them to be these:—

- 'Love's Labours Lost,' (quoted twice).
- 'Henry IV. Part I.' (quoted twice).
- 'Richard II.' (quoted five times).
- 'Richard III.' (quoted five times).
- 'Romeo and Juliet,' (quoted eleven times).

So that our list of extant plays in 1598, is not increased by the quotations made from them up to the year 1600. Hence we might possibly infer that between the publication of *Palladis Tamia*, in 1598, and of 'England's Parnassus,' in 1600, Shakespeare had not added to his stock of dramas. Possibly, too, as 'Henry IV. Part II.' is not cited in 'England's Parnassus,' it had not been brought out as early in 1600 as 'England's Parnassus' came from the press, and Meres, in 1598, might only allude to the first part of that historical drama.

"With respect to two other plays, 'Twelfth Night' and 'Othello,' we

* "Meres makes no mention of 'Henry VI.,' although there is good ground for supposing that all the three parts under that title were among the earliest pieces from the pen of Shakespeare. 'The Taming of the Shrew,' had likewise, in all probability, been produced either in or soon after 1594, when the older 'Taming of a Shrew' was published, perhaps in consequence of the success at the theatre of Shakespeare's improvement upon that story: nevertheless, Meres omits it, and hence an inference may possibly be drawn, that he did not include 'Henry VI.' nor 'The Taming of the Shrew' among Shakespeare's plays, because our great dramatist was not alone concerned in the authorship of them."

† "When Mr. T. Park reprinted 'England's Parnassus' in 'Heliconia,' (3 vols. 4to, 1815,) he did not detect, or at all events did not point out, the mistake. He seems to have fancied that,

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, &c.

were lines by Michael Drayton."

have distinct evidence that they were acted in 1602; the first, as already mentioned, at the Middle Temple, in February, and the second at Lord Keeper Egerton's at Harefield, in August. The latter circumstance is stated in my 'New Particulars respecting Shakespeare and his Works,' p. 58, on the authority of MS. family accounts preserved at Bridgewater House. In the same tract the 'Note-Book' of Dr. Forman is adduced, to prove that the four following plays were acted at the dates affixed to them.

'Macbeth'	20th April, 1610.
'Cymbeline'	in 1610 or 1611.
'Richard II.*'	30th April, 1611.
'Winter's Tale'	15th May, 1611.

"We have only spoken of seventeen, or, at most, eighteen plays, and these are all the dates that have hitherto been positively ascertained respecting the writing or acting of any of them; excepting, of course, as far as the printing of particular dramas affords proof that they had been previously brought upon the stage. I now come to some very interesting and decisive evidence with regard to others, which has only been brought to light within the last few months. The precise nature of it, and the depository where it was discovered, will be stated in detail in the introductions to the plays themselves, when we come to print them: in the meantime I may mention, that I shall be able to show most indisputably, that the subsequent plays by Shakespeare, his name being given in connection with the titles, were represented at court at the dates hereunder specified:—

- 'Othello,' performed on the 1st Nov. 1604.
- 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' performed on the Sunday after Nov. 1, 1604.
- 'Measure for Measure,' performed on St. Stephen's Night, 1604.
- 'The Comedy of Errors,' performed on Innocents' Night, 1604.
- 'Love's Labours Lost,' performed between the 1st and 6th January, 1605.
- 'Henry the Fifth,' performed on the 7th January, 1605.
- 'The Merchant of Venice,' performed on Shrove-Sunday, and again on Shrove-Tuesday, 1605.
- 'The Winter's Tale,' performed on the 5th November, 1611.
- 'The Tempest,' performed on Hallowmas Night, 1611.

"This evidence, unknown to those who have hitherto written on the works and life of Shakespeare, establishes in the first place that some of his earliest pieces were performed at court as late as 1604 and 1605, such as his 'Comedy of Errors,' 'Love's Labours Lost,' and 'Merchant of Venice,' all three of which, as we have seen on the authority of Meres, had been produced before 1598. 'The Merchant of Venice' was so much liked by the king in 1605, that having been first played on Shrove-Sunday, it was repeated 'by command' the next day but one. Othello, we have shown, was in existence more than two years anterior to Nov. 1604. It is supposed by Malone that 'Henry V.' may have been written in 1599, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' in 1601, and 'Measure for Measure' in 1603: the last might therefore be nearly a new play on St. Stephen's Night, 1604; but the two first could hardly have been recommended for performance at court, by the fact that they were enjoying their first run of popularity at a public theatre. It seems probable that 'The Winter's Tale,' and 'The Tempest,' were sufficient novelties, and sufficient favourites with the public in 1611, to be

* "In 'New Particulars,' &c. reasons are given for thinking that this was another play on the events of the reign of Richard II., not the work of Shakespeare. Mr. Amyot suggested, and argued with great ingenuity, that it was possibly a *first part* of 'Richard II.,' which Shakespeare may have written, but which has not come down to us. (See his Letter upon this point in 'New Particulars,' &c. p. 16.

selected on this account. Forman had seen 'The Winter's Tale' at the Globe Theatre, on the 15th of May preceding the performance of it at court, and Malone was of opinion that 'The Tempest' was a new play in 1611. Under the uncertainty attending this part of the subject, it may however be urged, that not one of the nine plays above enumerated was chosen for representation at court, because it was new and popular. James I. had not been long on the throne in 1605, and had not, therefore, seen many of the older plays which had been acted before Queen Elizabeth: the case was somewhat different in 1611, and then the old custom of selecting plays for performance at court, which were suggested by their success at the public theatres, might be revived, because the king had by that time seen most of the old stock-plays.

"What, then, is the conclusion at which I am disposed to arrive, founded upon the preceding information?—that although we have at present many lights upon the question of chronology, which formerly did not exist, yet we cannot even now make more than a plausible conjecture as to the earliest dates of most of Shakespeare's plays. In thirteen instances we know when they were performed, but not whether they were then performed for the first time, so that no criterion as to the period when they were written can well be more uncertain. I once thought that Henslowe's MS. Diary might afford some clue to guide us. Under the years 1594 and 1595, we there meet with the following names of plays, which resemble the titles of some of Shakespeare's known or imputed works—'Hamlet,'—'The Taming of a Shrew,'—'Andronicus,'—'The Venetian Comedy,'—'Palamon and Arcite,'—'Cæsar and Pompey,'—'Antony and Vallea,'—'The second part of Cæsar,'—'Harry the 5th,' and 'Troy;' but with respect to some of them, there is good reason to believe that they were old plays upon subjects Shakespeare afterwards adopted, and we may be disposed to presume the same of the rest. Upon this point, nevertheless, we may be entirely mistaken. Under the date of 22nd May, 1602, we learn on similar authority, that Webster, Middleton, and other poets, were engaged in writing a tragedy called 'Cæsar's Fall,' (not noticed by Malone,) and that in September of the same year Henry Chettle was preparing a comedy under the title of 'Robin Goodfellow,' (also omitted by Malone); and we might infer that Webster and his play-partners, as well as Chettle, were induced to take up these subjects, either by the success of 'Julius Cæsar,' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' or by hearing that Shakespeare was employed upon them; but with respect to the last, we know that it was in existence in 1598. Malone discovered in Henslowe's Diary several entries regarding a 'Troilus and Cressida,' by Dekker and Chettle, in April, 1599; but we do not know that those dramatists were not then composing additions or alterations to Shakespeare's play with the same title, or they might even be writing a rival play, to compete with that by Shakespeare. All these must continue mere matters of speculation, especially when we find that in June, 1602, Ben Jonson was preparing a historical drama upon the events of the reign of Richard III., although Shakespeare had written a play upon the same subject, which was printed five years before, and which long continued, as we have every reason to believe, extremely popular.

"As to about half the dramas of our great dramatist, we are totally destitute of anything approaching distinct information when they were first acted, much more when they were first written. Of six and thirty plays, only seventeen were published during Shakespeare's life: 'Othello' came from the press in 1622; and the rest (with the exception of 'Pericles,') were printed for the first time in the folio of 1623. 'Pericles,' printed in quarto in 1609, was not inserted in that edition, for reasons to be assigned when I come to speak separately of that drama. The folio of 1623 was arranged, as far as we can now ascertain, by Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's fellow-actors, who doubtless had performed in most of the plays, which are in-

served in the volume under the three heads of 'Comedies,' 'Histories,' and 'Tragedies.' The player-editors were, most likely, generally, if not particularly acquainted with the periods when the pieces were originally produced on the stage, yet they obviously made no arrangement as to dates; and under the uncertainty which must unavoidably belong to any conjectural classification of the kind, I have thought that we could not do better than adopt the course pursued in 1623, so near to the time when Shakespeare was living, and when the matter must have been fresh in the recollection of many.* Any opinion depending upon a comparison of the earlier with the later style of Shakespeare, the reader will be able to form for himself, and all the ascertained facts, which may serve to aid him in any inquiry of the kind, will be carefully given at the commencement of each play.†

The Bard; and Minor Poems. By JOHN WALKER ORD, Author of "England, a Poem," &c. Collected and edited by JOHN LODGE. London: Simpkin and Co. Edinburgh: Tate. 1841.

John Lodge has done the loving office of assembling together the sweet poems we find in this volume. We fully concur with the Editor that poetry is not dead amongst us, notwithstanding the singular deafness of the public adder. Poetry must, he tells us, in its essence be eternal, inasmuch as the sources from which it springs are infinite, and the purposes to which it is devoted are everlasting. Ere long we hope it will again find audience with the many, as well as the few.

Hours in Norway, Poems; to which is added, a Version of Oehlenschlaegers Al Axel and Valborg, a Tragedy. By ROBERT MEASON LAING. London: Thomas Hookham, Old Bond Street.

An elegant translation of a celebrated poem, with original efforts deserving praise.

Philosophic Nuts; or the Philosophy of Things, as developed from the Study of the Philosophy of Words. By EDWARD JOHNSON, Esq., Author of "Life, Health, and Disease." London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Ipswich: Burton.

This ingenious work is now completed, and contains a body of metaphysical

* "Each division of 'Comedies,' 'Histories,' and 'Tragedies,' is separately paged in the folio of 1623. The 'Comedies' occupy 303 pages, the back of p. 303 being left blank. The 'Histories' fill 232 pages, after which follows 'Troilus and Cressida,' which is unpagged, excepting that the second leaf is marked 79 and 80. In the 'Tragedies,' the last page appears to be 993, but this is a misprint for 393, and in the course of this portion of the volume an error of 100 pages is committed, 156 being followed by 257, and so on to the end. From the circumstances that 'Troilus and Cressida' is unpagged, and that the title is not found in the 'Catalogue' at the commencement of the volume, it has been supposed that it was originally omitted, and was added to the collection as an after-thought; but the work obviously went through the hands of more than one printer, and in this way the mistake might have been occasioned, without supposing Heminge and Condell ignorant of the fact, that 'Troilus and Cressida' (printed in 1609 with Shakespeare's name on the title-page) ought to be included."

† "Malone sometimes adopted a very loose mode of reasoning when he wanted to establish a point. He wished to show that 'Henry V.' was produced by the poet in 1598, and he found two lines in Daniel's 'Civil Wars,' printed in 1595, which strongly resemble a passage in 'Henry V.:' hence he concluded that the play was not written before 1596, as Shakespeare could not earlier have borrowed from Daniel. But Daniel was much more likely to borrow from Shakespeare, than Shakespeare from Daniel; and if Daniel did borrow two lines from Shakespeare's 'Henry V.' it must have been written before Daniel published his 'Civil Wars' in 1595. I only adduce this circumstance as a proof how little reliance is to be placed upon conjectures so supported."

speculations of much significance. The writer is a disciple of Horne Tooke, and esteems accordingly every word as the sign of a sensible object. He, however, does not contend for the resorting to the original meaning of the word, but only that every word we use should have an intelligible meaning of some kind. To this position of course no objection need be taken; but to the fundamental principle of his argument much must be opposed. Words are the signs of ideas; and it is begging the question to translate the term idea into sensation. The point is, are there other objects than those of sense? and the argument logically depends on the answer to this question. Mr. Johnson has done nothing toward limiting the sphere of objectivity to the field of the senses. The spirits of Kant and Coleridge, against whom he so fiercely rails, resign, with a calm smile, a sneerer like this to the scorn of the logician, who quietly reminds the sophist that he has taken a mere assumption for granted without valid authority. However ingenious, therefore, the book may be, it is futile, because false;—that is, proceeds on a half truth, mistaken for the whole.

An Essay on the Influence of Welsh Tradition upon the Literature of Germany, France and Scandinavia, which obtained the prize of the Abergavenny Cymreigddion Society at the Eisteddovod of 1840. Translated from the German of ALBERT SCHULZ, Author of "The Life of Wolfran Von Eschenbach," &c. &c. Llandovery: Printed and published by William Rees. Sold also by Longman and Co., D. Williams, and H. Hughes, London; Parry, Chester; and Morgan, Abergavenny.

It is with peculiar satisfaction that we are enabled to speak of any work in the terms in which we are compelled to speak of this. A production so full of learning and talent, so rationally elaborated, it has seldom been our lot to peruse. There can be no doubt that the prize was well awarded to Professor Schulz by His Excellency the Chevalier Bunsen, Prussian Minister Plenipotentiary at Berne. The account of the Mabinogion is singularly interesting; and the manner in which the story of Arthur became modified in successive romances, is highly instructive. We recommend this *brochure* to the judgment of all readers of taste and refinement.

The Mabinogion, from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest and other ancient Welsh Manuscripts, with an English translation, and Notes by LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST; Part I. containing the Lady of the Fountain: Part II. containing Peredur, the Son of Evrawc; Part III. containing Geraint, the Son of Erbin. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans, Paternoster Row; and Llandovery: W. Rees.

The pamphlet just reviewed will be found to serve as a convenient introduction to this magnificent publication. Lady Charlotte Guest deserves equal praise for her talents and her munificence: in our days it requires the wealth of individuals for such undertakings; publishers having ceased to speculate, having discontinued the honourable business of merchants, and degraded themselves to the condition of mere shopkeepers. Lady Charlotte's work presents us not only with the ancient romances of Wales, but the contemporaneous poems upon cognate themes, whether English, Norman, German, French, or Scandinavian. Such an extent has the fame of Arthur and his knights. The legends of his achievements once exercised a powerful influence over general society, and still interest the cultivated mind, and contribute to its improvement. The sketch of *Erec* and *Enide* is very satisfactory as a French version of Geraint ab Erbin. It is the production of Chrestien de Troyes, the Trouveur, to whom we are indebted for the French version of the Jarlls Y Ffynnwawn.

Although at the head of the chivalry of Britain, it sounds strange to our Saxon ears to find our *King* Arthur in these Welsh traditions designated as Emperor. We find the title of Emperor bestowed upon Arthur, in Llywarch Hên's Elegy upon Geraint ab Erbin.

"Yn Llongborth llas i Arthur
Gwyr dewr cymmynynt a dur
Ammherawdyr llywawdyr llavur.

At Llongborth were slain to Arthur
Valiant men, who hewed down with steel;
He was the emperor and conductor of the toil of war."

Owen's Heroic Elegies.

Worthy of this or even a higher title was the magnanimous Arthur; how free, courteous, accomplished, and valiant, appears he in the "Lady of the Fountain." There is an English version of this tale called "Ywayne and Gawin," which is a translation from the "Chevalier au Llyon," the whole of which is printed in the magnificent work before us.

The tale of Peredur, the son of Evrawc, is more complex and ambitious than that of the "Lady of the Fountain." Verily, there is a subtle mystery in the mean knight, with his mean appointments, veiling a noble soul and a princely parentage. Penetrate to the idea of these romances, and you will find them pregnant with instruction; they are apples of gold placed in salvers of silver, glorious truths uttered in words of music.

But it is to the story of Geraint that attention must be particularly directed as being elaborated with admirable taste and skill. The name of Geraint ab Erbin is familiar to all lovers of ancient Welsh literature, through the beautiful elegy composed on him by his fellow warrior, the venerable bard "Llywarch Hên." He was a prince of "Dyvnaint" [Devon], and fell fighting valiantly against the Saxons under Arthur's banner in the battle of Llongborth. He has also had the honour of being canonized.

"It is said that a church was dedicated to him at Caerffawydd, or Hereford. Four of his sons, Selyf, Cyngan, Iestin, and Cado, or Cataw, are also included in the list of saints, and were members of the College of St. Garmon Garwy; another of his sons appears in a very different character from his brothers, in the Triads, where he is celebrated as one of the three amorous and courteous knights of the court of Arthur."

Edwy: a Historical Poem, by J. BELL WORRELL. London: Houlston and Hughes, Strand.

Poetry is a field which is more cultivated in our day than it was fifty or a hundred years ago; and may be made a great instrument for the dissemination of knowledge and for the improvement of mankind. Though many, however, of the labourers in this field do not possess the first powers of moral feeling and intellect—for this extent can fall to the lot of few—yet, the very exercise of the faculties of inferior individuals must be beneficial to society. The judicious and learned arrangement of words in rhyme or metre is seductive, and therefore may be employed for good or ill, for moral or immoral purposes. Bacchanalian poetry or songs is an example of the latter. Verses or poetry, which fixes the mind principally on the lowest order of love pursuits, ought to be condemned as also immoral, inasmuch as it rivets the feelings on the lowest propensity in man. The well-known Moore, of the Sister Isle, has written too much in this strain, which would have been better unwritten. The mind and feelings concentrated so much on this low state of things miserably degenerate; and must, the longer it indulges in this strain, create more miseries to itself. But John Worrell's "Historical Poem" and poetry cannot be condemned on the ground of immorality. Whatever defects or faults of arrangement or rhythm may be found in his work, there are none of this description.

His poem is founded on the melancholy history and fate of Edwy and Elgiva, in the time of the celebrated Saint Dunstan. The poem recalls this comparatively dark period of our history to our mind. It must, therefore, tend to encourage the study of history, and lead to the investigation of the

men and the learning of the times, and the monks of those days. Much has yet to be done in the elucidation of history. Whether, however, Mr. Worrell has painted the individuals, whom he has introduced to our notice, in all their true characters, must be left to the historian and antiquarian. He has wound up the tale with considerable talent, and introduced some strong lines.

Poetry, moreover, is not unfrequently leavened in our day with a good deal of mere verbiage—a state of things where *words* more than *ideas* prevail—a state of things where the reader may be amused and even confused, but not instructed. Here again we may say that this fault is not one of the poem or poems, (for there are some miscellaneous poems,) in the volume before us. In this respect, indeed, the author is occasionally rather concise than diffuse or verbose. The poem consists of five cantos. To give the reader an idea of the intellect, the moral feelings, and rhythm, of the beginning of the first canto, we quote the following good lines:—

“ Soft breathings of the Holy Spirit kind,
Impress your living beauties on my mind;
Direct my thoughts by Truth’s refulgent star,
Which oft to mortals clouded hangs afar.”

We must not, however, confine ourselves to one extract for elucidation either of the sentiments or the rhythm. Look at the beginning of the third canto:—

“ Morn, with its rosy smiles and tears of dew,
Awakes all nature, born to life anew:
Many a dew-dipped bud shall burst and fade,
Ere Phœbus has his daily journey made.”

Whatever civilization has reached man, he has exhibited a great inclination to bloodshed. He cannot yet decide his contests without coming to blows, without appealing to physical force. It is clear, therefore, that man has not yet reached the state of perfect civilization. The poetical historian is obliged to paint some of these scenes of man; we therefore quote the following description of the commencement of a battle under the Anglo-Saxons:—

“ Drawing the regal army to the plain,
In three huge columns, Alden leads again;
No civil blood as yet had stained his blade,
Which had, a hundred times, him victor made.
Beside the hero, with some chosen horse,
Funereal Edwy heads his faithful force.
In the right wing, ’neath Atheling’s command,
The sturdy sons of Kent and Sussex stand.
These wield the sword, and draw a potent bow,
But scorn to aim, the arrow finds the foe.
Sigbert commands the left, and him, that day,
Mercia’s and bold Northumbria’s sons obey.
These in the pike and battle-axe delight;
Wielding no bow, they pant for closer fight.
Wessex, East Anglia, and Essex blend,
’Neath Hildred’s eye, the centre to defend:
The pike and sword, and battle-axe they wield,
A varied host with valour for its shield.”

We turn from this dark scene of blood to another of a quite different description, which contrasts well with the former. Elgiva in a state of peace and composure thus addresses Edwy:—

"Pass slow, ye hours so pregnant with harsh fate,
 If sight of bliss can stop your lofty gait,—
 Eternity shall, like the phoenix, rise
 More beauteous still, when Time in ashes lies.
 The orbits' courses number thy short life,
 Their own, and man's, and Death's, till all be rife
 For something, we a feeble notion trace;
 The limner mind pourtrays with every grace,
 Yet far behind the truth; and words have given
 A feeble name, though 'tis 'the reign of Heaven.'
 Calm are the winds, which late provoked the storm;
 Calm are the skies, which violence had worn;
 Calm is all nature; *man alone shares not*
 The universal calm."

Poetry may be beautifully employed to satirize the follies and immoralities of mankind. The good poet will always show himself on the side of virtue; and though the refuse of mankind may, in their insane moments, applaud the Bacchanalian or the poet, who supplies them with loose immoralities, yet their censure is sure, in the end, to overtake him and condemn him. Juvenal, long ago, satirized the vices of Rome. When the state of society becomes what it is too apt always to be, and what it really is—selfish and miserly, the good poet lifts his pen and opposes with all his mind the deluge of gripping selfishness. Rome, for our instruction and for our beacon, fell only *when all things became venal*, when all things were bought and sold, when liars made their way to all the chief departments of the state.

The celebrated cutting sarcasm of the Latin Poet, when speaking of the moralities of Rome, *What could I do at Rome, for I do not know how to lie?* will live for ever to illustrate the baseness of cities and extensive empires, and merchandise. In our day, we require some poets to stem this base, *slave-like* vice of our tradesmen and merchants—*lying*. In the very words of the poet before us, in his miscellaneous poems, we say with him,—

"Ye sons of trade, relent--this hour,
 May be, destroys another youth,
 Who, torn from heaven-begotten truth,
 Yields his pure mind to your fell power.
 Ye sons of trade, relent—he's man
 Who yielded to your hated shrine
 All heaven gave—the mind divine—
And now his tortures have began."

It is not, indeed, all gold that the sons of trade acquire when they get the metal. Hence the miserable effects which the votaries of the God Plutus often exhibit in their looks and persons, described by our very poet under consideration :—

"With hastened walk and downcast eyes,
 With thoughtful look that health defies,
 No mirth can raise his tainted smile,
 His laugh is but the laugh of guile:
 He sees each day fresh miseries—
 Or gift or pity he denies.
 No happy hours are his—for gold,
 His mind, his happiness he sold:
 What can he have but restless nights,
 Who knows not Nature's pure delights?"

He, indeed, who warns mankind of these immoralities, is the true friend of man

The author is young, but we commend him for these efforts of his Muse. He will still improve as he advances. There are, however, many wide fields of science, and the knowledge of the constitution of man, yet untouched and unsung by any poet. This domain is wide: but it requires knowledge of these extended sciences to paint and describe their excellencies and realities to man. The commonly so called field of *imagination* is one of this number. It is really *full of truth and realities*. John Worrell has in one place alluded to this truth.

"Imagination is with truth replete,
The world may hide it, but in wild retreat
Its beauties may be sought."

Ay, and he might have added strongly in another couplet, *felt* also.

Our observations have extended farther than we at first intended; but as they apply to all poetry and all poets, and to the whole human race, they cannot be called at least sectarian.

Ellen Braye; or the Fortune-teller. In 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1841.

Every book that exhibits a healthy state of mind in the writer, and fosters one in the reader, has attained the first round of the ladder of excellence—the first and the most important. Right feeling, in the present age of corrupt literature, is so very rare an attribute of authors, that every demonstration of it should ensure commendation; and therefore is it that we venture to give a no very scanty meed of praise to the novel of *Ellen Braye*. The eagle eye of more saturnine critics might indeed discover faults in its construction and arrangement, and some might object to the paucity of sustained dialogue; but its defects are amply compensated by many excellencies. The author has had courage to avoid the deleterious influences of an era which delights in Jack Sheppardism, and has produced a work whose pages are unpolluted by the impurities of vice made venial, or the fascinations of crime made heroic. There is a simplicity and *naïveté* displayed in its language and incidents, which, while they bespeak it a maiden effort, are exceedingly pleasant to those who have been hackneyed, like ourselves, even to disgust, in the ways of authorship.

However, this book is further recommended to us by its author having dared to let fly at nobler quarry than the majority of his brother novelists. He is not afraid to introduce the dogmas of the highest philosophy into a work of amusement. A whole chapter is devoted to the speculations of a mystical transcendentalist—Mr. Cunliffe Manvers. This gentleman, besides holding other strange opinions, is represented as being a strict Pythagorean. By-the-bye, his arguments on behalf of a vegetable diet are worth quoting. They are evolved in the following dialogue:—

"I think," said Miss Aimwell, "there seems to be much in this consideration. All know how opposed to intellect eating is, even in the most prudent conduct of it. There are few who can exert their powers of thought after dinner as successfully as previously to partaking that meal."

"That," rejoined Colonel Needham, "is probably, however, more owing to excess in food, than to its improper quality."

"Both in quantity and quality," replied Manvers, "reform is necessary. Errors of quantity, however, though more obvious, are less destructive than those of quality. False quantities derange the functions only, but false qualities distort essences."

"I do not understand this clearly," said Miss Aimwell. "Will you, sir, be courteous enough to explain it?"

"I will, with permission," said Manvers, "resign this task to my friend, Mrs. Beddowes."

"I almost wish I could not answer," replied Mrs. Beddowes; "because,

in my clearness of perception, I feel somewhat self-condemned upon the score of my imperfect practice. It appears to me that the darker nature of the soul, such as anger, covetous desire, and the like, which are the very opposite antagonists of inspiration, retain or secrete corporeal essences of a kindred nature, with which to reproduce their outward exhibitions. Well! souls acting from these natures, testify an inward longing after fiery, exciting, irritating substances, that with them they may bring themselves to manifestation. The fiery nature loves fiery meats and drinks. The stimulants which men take modify the nervous fluids, and very little serenity of soul is ever experienced by those who lay themselves open to such false appliances."

"True," added Manvers. "The essences of the food unite with the essential properties of the soul, while quantities of food merely affect the untr tranquil or calm workings of the functions. The first effect of animated food is stimulating; but in the reaction it is fattening and incrassating. In both of these respects it is contrary to the true corporeal condition which the soul demands, for conditions must be peaceful; and peace is a medium between heaviness and excitement. The soul is in a sort of pendulating state, oscillating between matter and spirit; and on its material side it is very mortifiable, by the corporeal essences with which it contracts; and consequently, if they are of the irritating kind, the soul's dominant passions are awakened; a temperate and cool diet is best adapted for soul serenity, inasmuch as its tendency is less likely than any other to injure the soil in which the divine germs have to vegetate."

"Do you think, then," asked Colonel Needham, "that stimulants are in no case necessary?"

"I think," replied Manvers, "that they are never required, excepting in cases of indisposition, and then only for the purpose of restoring a proper tone to the constitution which has been lost. In no other case should they be indulged in. If we really wish to represent faithfully the divine inspiration, it must be in conditions of calmness. Neither our words nor our actions must be suffered to savour of wine, or beef, or any other of the stimulating provisions which men are accustomed to use. But besides, this objection which I have to animal food tells particularly in another way. There is much cruelty and injustice in slaying animals for food. The practice calls up in the bosom the most sanguinary tempers. I believe there is a provision in our laws, that a butcher may be objected to when he is enrolled on a jury; our legislature intimating by that clause, that its merciful kindness will not permit the life of its fellow-creatures to be staked upon the decision of those who are in the habit of shedding blood."

"But," said Miss Aimwell, "how few are there in the multitude of human beings who are required for that service?"

"True," answered Manvers; "but if one man is injured by it, rendered savage in his actions, cruel to those about him, or in any way profligate or unfeeling, motive enough is offered in this one case, for the well-disposed to abstain from encouraging the eating of flesh. But the case is otherwise; the pollution is fearfully extensive; thousands are morally ruined. Put their names of inspiration and butchery together, and how do they sound?"

"Not very harmonious," replied Sir Philip Doveridge; "but there is perhaps a conventional prejudice about the butchers, that interferes with our judgment on this point. Many butchers are worthy men."

"Far be it from me," added Manvers, "to censure them in a thoughtless manner! On the contrary, I think that those who eat flesh are much more to blame, and more polluted than those who slay; because the brute creature is taken into the constitution, and becomes a very part of it; while the slaying is only an external act, which, when performed, ends without any further consequences; yet slaying is a bad condition for the developement of the purer sympathies. If the feeling and gentle were first obliged to slaughter,

and then prepare the food they ate, they would have no appetite for the feast. Surely all will agree in this!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Aimwell, "it would indeed be horrible to be obliged to slay the animals for ourselves; and certainly, though it never occurred to me before, it must be inconsistent with justice to instigate others to a demoralizing and barbarous practice, which our tenderer feelings will not permit us to engage in."

"How," said Colonel Needham, "will you obtain a sufficient variety in the vegetable kingdom to satisfy the multiplicity of tastes?"

Manvers replied;—"If this question were asked respecting the animal substances, there might perhaps be some difficulty in answering it; but the reply is evident, when we call to mind the fact, that even the most ordinary tables furnish a greater variety of vegetables and fruits than of meats. In fact, the varieties in the vegetable dietary are innumerable; and the enjoyment, when once the appetite and the supplies harmonize, or are brought in unison, is beyond all measure increased."

"It is much to be regretted, my dear friend," said Mrs. Beddowes, "that we cannot adopt your mode, without incurring the imputation of singularity and affectation. Many would doubtless be happy to conform to greater simplicity, if custom would concede to them the liberty so to do."

"Then," replied Manvers, "let those that will be free, resolve to burst the bonds, of whatever kind they be, that keep them enslaved! The hope of peace and a better world is intensely blissful. The world will harmonize with us when we no longer antagonize the world. The lurid eye of suspicion and cruelty with which we are regarded by the most ferocious animals, will be no more, when we are adequate to subduing them. If we are to be lords on earth, let us endeavour to become worthy of an exalted place in heaven."

"I own my ignorance," said Colonel Needham; "and I must beg of you, my dear sir, to inform me as to the works you recommend to my perusal, for a further illustration of the doctrines you have put forth, for our instruction and information, indeed, I may add, our amusement; for every subject becomes interesting, when elicited with such eloquence and dexterity."

"There are several curious and clever works on these particular doctrines," answered Mr. Manvers. "Porphyry wrote a long treatise on 'Abstinence from Flesh,' which has been translated into English. Dr. Cheyne, of Bath, also published a book upon 'Regimen,' which is much esteemed. I could also name many other authors who have advocated the vegetable system, and in which many objections are met, and many interesting facts cited. But, above all, I would refer my kind friends to the purity of their own hearts, which will furnish them better with lessons of humanity than any authors, ancient or modern. We must desire light to perceive the deformity of vice, and seek to guard and fortify our minds by the inspirations of virtue. How can we hope for or aspire to a vivifying flame, if the scintillations of the spirit are obscured by the dross with which, in our fallen nature, we are encumbered?"

Whether this reasoning will be so potent as to convert the Jacobs of the present day from their love of savoury meats, is sufficiently dubious; but the enunciation of one extreme is sometimes requisite to correct the propensity for running into the other. We would, however, suggest to the Pythagoreans, that the philosophic abstraction on which they pride themselves ought to render them indifferent as to what they eat or what they drink. It should lead them, not to a discrimination of this or that viand, but to a contented acceptance of whatever the providence of Heaven might send, be it the fatted calf, or the wild herb. In fact, they ought not to care a straw about the matter, and eat just what is set before them. But transcendental doctrines require more than this—not temperance only, but abstinence. Carried out to their last results, their

arguments are equivalent to the assertion, that we ought not to eat at all. For if the physical is to be entirely subordinated to the spiritual, and all which tends to give it superiority suppressed and destroyed, it follows, as a necessary consequence, that we should consider our appetites as our chief and most inveterate enemies, and accordingly forbear to gratify their cravings; since each gratification must necessarily strengthen their attacks. And even if life be lost under the regimen, we should anticipate such a catastrophe with joy rather than apprehension, as in that case the physical would be completely subdued, and the spiritual left at full liberty to spurn the earth, and "wing its flight sublime." These are hard words; who can bear them?

We would advise the author of *Ellen Braye* to pursue boldly the path which he has not unsuccessfully entered. All he wants is merely a few technicalities; the essentials he has given proof of possessing. Time will mellow down the asperities which now occasionally offend, and ripen what may appear crude in his thoughts, to the maturity of grace and of wisdom.

An Author's Mind, or the Book of Title-pages. By M. F. TUPPER, Esq., M.A.

Mr. Tupper has accomplished that prodigious task which few authors ever succeed in effecting—he has thoroughly unburdened his mind. His list of Title-pages are numerous and diversified, and to each there is given a sketch of the design of the work it is intended to typify or suggest. These Sketches not only show great versatility of idea, but display an almost equal versatility of knowledge, and very often of talent. That Mr. Tupper could thoroughly work out the subjects of the majority of these Title-pages, we well believe; for the sketches of some of them are admirable, and there are scarcely any which we should not pronounce as good. The outline of the tragedy of "Nero" is very finely designed, and the author has also thrown in some of the stronger lights and shades in a masterly manner. His sketch of the novel of "Charlotte Clopton" is very entire, and the filling up of one or two passionate scenes is executed with the bold hand of a master. We had reserved a few critical carplings "as a matter of course," but when we recollect the noble "Oration" entitled "The Author's Tribunal," we feel ashamed of the pestilential tendency to fault-finding, and determine to leave our intended grumbings to rumble themselves away in air. This one volume is really what it pretends to be—a rare thing in these days—especially as it pretends to much. And to how much? it may be asked. Why, to no less than being the germ of a library of books on some five and thirty different subjects. This it really is; and if other authors, who may be gifted similarly, would but give us the "full idea" of all they wished to write, we should be spared thousands of dull pages, and they would be spared thousands of groans over their inability to live long enough to finish their "libraries," or to persuade publishers to assist at their birth.

An Introduction to English Grammar on Universal Principles. By HUGH DOHERTY. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1841.

Grammar, properly considered, should present us with an analysis of our mental constitution. Mr. Doherty resolves it all into ontological elements—Being, its modes and their degrees. It is impossible for us to trace the evolution which he gives of these principles, but it is not necessary, as all those interested in the subject will, from this simple announcement, be rendered curious to read the entire work. It is altogether excellently reasoned, and well illustrated. Mr. Doherty's desires for scientific coherence are highly laudable, and will aid, in their degree, the cause of human progress.

The Domestic Dictionary and Housekeeper's Manual. Edited by GIBBON MERLE. London: Strange. 1841.

Correct and useful.

The Graham Journal of Health and Longevity. Designed to illustrate by Facts, and sustain by Reason and Principles, the Science of Human Life, as taught by Sylvester Graham. DAVID CAMPBELL, Editor. Two vols. Boston, U. S. 1837-8.

This is an American publication, designed to recommend simple vegetable diet, in every variety indeed, but washed down with nothing but cold water. Temperance in living is the secret of prolonging life. The correspondents of the "Journal" state that, by discontinuing the use of flesh meat, fish, fowl, butter, gravy, tea and coffee, they gained in health and strength.

The first physicians by debauch were made,
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.

Mr. Graham permits only three meals a day, and those six hours apart. In regard to regimen, he proscribes after-dinner naps and feather beds, and recommends bathing, either warm or cold, and exercise in the open air. All this should be more attended to than it is. There is a considerable quantity of relative statistical information contained in these volumes, which will be found valuable.

Peace, Permanent and Universal: its Practicability, Value, and Consistency with Divine Revelation. A Prize Essay. By H. T. J. MACNAMARA. London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street. 1841.

The system of promoting prize essays, though liable to much abuse, is capable of much benefit. Authors are thereby encouraged to undertake subjects of importance, which, for lack of patronage, would else never be treated, or treated so fully. The Peace Society proposes to itself the highest of Christian objects, and the publication before us advocates it in a very eloquent and effective manner. The section which points out the duties of magistrates and peace officers in cases of tumults, insurrections, and invasions, with the most effectual method of preventing such calamities, is very ably compiled, and in its application of great use. The author traces all popular revolutions to the interference of the military. In the third part, a plan is proposed as containing the best means of settling all disputes between nations without recourse to arms, which might be effected, the author thinks, by a congress and court of nations, well organized, and with duties rightly defined, but having no executive except the general opinion of the Christian world, the influence of which would be finally irresistible.

An Easy Introduction to Chemistry. By GEO. SPARKES, late Madras Civil Service. London: Whittaker and Co. 1841.

Ought to supersede all other elementary books on chemistry.

King's College Magazine. Conducted by the Classical and Medical Students of King's College, London. London: Houlston and Hughes, 1841.

In design and execution altogether worthy of encouragement.

Bacchus: an Essay on the Nature, Causes, Effects and Cure of Intemperance. By RALPH BARNES GRINDFORD, Surgeon. Second Edition, carefully revised and greatly enlarged. London: Pascoe. 1841.

This Essay (as published in the first edition) received the prize of 100*l.* offered by the Committee of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, and is a well-written *exposé* of its subject.

A Descant on the Penny Postage. London: Bohn. 1841.

A pamphlet only rendered remarkable by the writer's fixed antipathy to commas, colons, and semicolons, of which he uses not one from the beginning to the end of his production.

Thornton's History of British India is progressing favourably. When the work is complete, we shall perchance perpetrate an article on our present, past, and future relations with India.

Shaksperiana: a Catalogue of the Early Editions of Shakspeare's Plays, and of the Commentaries and other Publications illustrative of his Works. By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. &c. London: Smith. 1841.

A very carefully compiled catalogue, supplying the critic and student with the means of ascertaining at once what sources are available on any particular points of inquiry in Shaksperian criticism, and affording the latter a manual of bibliographical information, which is indispensable to the attainment of any correct knowledge in that department of literature.

The Philosophy of Shakspeare. Extracted from his Plays, and interspersed with Remarks. By MICHAEL HENRY RANKIN. London: Whittaker and Co. 1841.

The design of this book is to show by extracts the great wisdom and goodness of Shakspeare—a design perfectly fulfilled. It is a beautiful little volume.

Part VIII. Fox's Book of Martyrs; Part 48-18 Canadian Scenery, and Part IX. of Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland, published by Virtue, have been received. The illustrations are beautiful.

UNACTED DRAMAS.

The Patrician's Daughter: a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By WESTLAND MARSTON, Esq. Mitchell. 1841.

Rudolf of Varosnay: a Tragedy. By J. A. BLACKWELL. C. & H. Senior. 1841.

The first of these tragedies is about the most delicate offering that was ever laid on the shrine of Melpomene. It is of so nice a texture, indeed, that we have not been able to divest ourselves of the imagination of its being performed by the butterflies for the delectation of the fairies. It deals with real life—with the antagonism that exists between aristocratic and democratic sentiment. The hero is a *parvenu*, who, after securing the affections of the patrician's daughter, is tricked out of them by her aunt. He succeeds in parliament, renews his addresses for the purpose of revenge, is accepted, the legal documents are prepared, and then he repudiates her just at the point when they are about to be signed, sealed, and delivered. This conduct so wounds the heroine and her aunt, that one dies of a broken heart, and the other pines away with remorse. This is all wrought out in a vein of exquisite poetry, which, in a *small* theatre, would produce its proper effect.

"*Rudolf of Varosnay*," is a production made of sterner materials. It treats of the feudal system of Hungary, and the modern reforms that interfere with its wonted operation. Private and domestic feelings and injuries are mixed up with all great public changes. The chariot of social improvement drives over the hearts sometimes of friends and foes. In the tragedy before us we have the father arrayed in strife against the child, and consequent fearful desolation. The whole is well written, and is another proof that never in any age was there more dramatic genius awake than in the present.

Lost and Won: a Play. By HENRY SPICER. Fraser, 1841.

The Lords of Ellingham: a Drama. By HENRY SPICER. Fraser, 1839.

Mr. Henry Spicer is a writer of decided dramatic talent; a man who would have received the encouragement which is due to him, if he had lived in an age when dramatic literature was favoured by the laws and the public. He

has done ill, however, in dissociating himself from his brother dramatists speaking contemptuously in the lump of "the bad and indifferent dramas" which have, according to him, recently "inundated" the press. Now, as we all know, and it is confessed by all parties in the dispute, that not one but many of the "unacted dramas" are works of surpassing merit, and only excluded from the stage by the accidents of the time, this statement is, to say the least of it, exceedingly injudicious. It seems to have been hazarded for the sake of conciliating certain quarters to the consideration of his own claims. Let actors, however, if they will, side with actors; authors, with authors. No concession should, at any rate, be made to the usurpation of the former; and we are happy to say that many excellent spirits among the performers are with the "unacted dramatists" on this very point.

Like the play we have last noticed, "*Lost and Won*," is a tale of parricide and imputed adultery, after the approved style of "*Don Carlos*" and "*Mirandola*." Mr. Spicer, however, has managed his story with the greater grace and elegance. There are some scenes, in fact, to which we can give unqualified praise; and the bustle of the last act shows capabilities of an acting dramatist which Mr. Spicer will do well to cultivate. We can also honestly advise him to cultivate them; since the measures now taking cannot but result in an enlargement of the dramatic arena. The Editor of this magazine can assure all dramatic authors that any theatrical speculation in which he may embark, shall be for the general benefit; and he invites correspondence on the subject from every person at all interested. Neither let them be deterred by the report that performers are not to be obtained: on the contrary, they can readily be *found* or *made* to carry out the amplest dramatic purpose. The public also are anxious for a fuller development of the national dramatic genius than the present system permits. Let there be no mistake on this head; no flattery where it is despised; no distrust where it is injurious.

Of "*The Lords of Ellingham*," we have already spoken. Though, as a whole, not an actable play, there are passages in it—nay, entire characters and situations, which, separately taken, would promise what the new drama by the same author in a considerable degree fulfils. But neither Mr. Spicer nor any other man will be able to write a fully actable play, until he has been allowed the opportunity of experience. In order to success, there must be a chance of failure. We see much in these two pieces which has been evidently written for an *ideal* stage, but which would have been as evidently adapted to the *real* one, if the poet's position in this country were what it should be every where.

In regard to Mr. Macready, whose accession to the Drury Lane throne Mr. Spicer so warmly welcomes, there is no man who loves him better than we do. Brutus loved Cæsar, yet for the sake of the Commonwealth, he smote him. Dramatic rank must not and shall not be dependent on one man's taste and interest. Literature is not a monarchy, but a republic; and the establishment of a tyranny any where must be resisted. When we see Mr. Macready honestly fostering dramatic genius wherever it is to be found, then we shall support him to the utmost; but when he gives up to a clique a theatre which was meant for dramatists in general, then we join issue. We say, we love thee, Macready; but in love's despite, we must strike for liberty, for honour, for the living drama, and for living genius.

Rummio and Judy; or, Oh, this Love! this Love! this Love! A Serio-Comic Parodi-Tragedi-Farcical-Burlesque, in Two Acts. By HORACE AMELIUS LLOYD, Esq. Edinburgh: John Menzies. 1841.

This is a parody on "*Romeo and Juliet*," and is calculated to make the reader merry.

A History of the Vegetable Kingdom, embracing the Physiology, Classification, and Culture of Plants, with their various Uses to Man and the Lower Animals; and their Application in the Arts, Manufactures, and Domestic Economy. By WM. RHIND. To be completed in about eight parts. Blackie and Son, Queen Street, Glasgow. Parts 1 to 6. 1841.

This is in all respects an excellent work, in its literary, its typographic, and its papyric relations.

Illustrations of the End of the Church, as predicted in Matthew, Chap. XXIV. : derived from an Examination, according to the Principles of Swedenborg, of the commonly received Doctrines of the Trinity, Incarnation, Atonement, and Mediation; to which are added, Remarks on the Time of the End. By the REV. AUGUSTUS CLISSOLD, M. A., formerly of Ex. Coll. Oxon. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1841.

This is a very remarkable work, consisting of an *exposé* of popular theology, and a *catena* of errors on the part of church authorities. We must notice it at large in a separate article.

ANNUALS.

Ackermann's Forget Me Not is as pictorially beautiful and as acceptable as ever. The literature is pleasing and elegant, and maintains the reputation that has hitherto ensured the success of this first of the Annuals.

EDITOR'S CONCLUDING ADDRESS.

THERE is a superstition in numbers. Six days shalt thou labour, but the seventh thou shalt rest. The present Editor of this Magazine has seen it through six volumes, and, being now a-weary, is desirous of repose. During the last three years, his energies have been devoted to the task of setting an example of magazine literature, entirely new to this country—a periodical which should hold amusement subordinate to instruction, and enforce the highest philosophy in its highest form, without reference to popular appreciation. The labour of such an undertaking must needs rest on one individual mainly, and besides operate so exclusively, that no other work can be done by him, at least with ease and comfort. Accordingly, there are several works projected or commenced by the Editor, in his separate capacity of author, which have been standing still for want of leisure on his part to proceed with them—there they remain just in the same state as when he first undertook the editorship, until their continuing thus unfinished has been felt as an evil not to be borne. Now this “effect defective” has not arisen from the amount of composition contributed by the Editor to this periodical, which, in fact, has been much less than he originally intended, but from the mere mechanical attention which the editorship of a periodical demands. The reading of other people's papers, the correction of their proofs, the answering of their letters, the trade arrangements of the publication, constitute a complete business, which exhausts the mind, and absorbs the time that ought to be devoted to higher aims. The Editor, therefore, has long felt it desirable that all this mere business should be transferred to another, that his own mind might be set at liberty to fulfil the designs which were nearest his heart.

He has, at length, been happy enough to meet with a gentleman who is in every way qualified for the management of this periodical, and to him he has conveyed over the conduct and editorship of it; not withdrawing from it, however, his own contributions, but, perhaps, even contributing in larger proportion than hitherto. The public, he hopes, will put, as he does, entire confidence in the new Editor of *The Monthly Magazine*, whose name, however, he regrets he is not authorized to publish. Satisfied he is, that the merits of the new Editor will be readily appreciated by the intelligent readers of this periodical, and that there will be no reason to deplore a change, of which the only effect on the character of the work will be to render it more popular in its tendencies than, in the six volumes now completed, the present Editor has cared to exhibit.

And now nothing remains but that the said present Editor lovingly take leave of his readers, entreating them to pray that he may secure that peace and quiet, without which no great and calm work can be accomplished. To secure it, he has ventured on great worldly sacrifices; but the man who, in any sense, feels a mission, will make all minor considerations give way to it. He has done nothing but what he has voluntarily chosen to do, and will suffer nothing but what must better his moral and intellectual being. Well he trusts that in his future labours he shall meet with public support, as in his past he has succeeded in winning the sympathy of some choice spirits, whose claims to authority are already tested, and of others whose influence is beginning to be felt in the world of letters. Nay, he has lived to possess pupils and disciples, and, accordingly, to become conscious that he himself is a master in the literary Israel.

J. A. H.

To be published by Subscription, in one large 8vo. volume, price One Guinea, to be paid at the time of subscribing—"Ontocy; or, a Critique of Pure Being, by John A. Heraud. 'The first step to Knowledge, or rather the previous Condition of all Insight into Truth, is to dare commune with our very and Permanent Self.'—Coleridge."

** It is obvious that works like these, purposely exceeding altogether mere popular capacity, can only obtain Publication by means of previous Subscription. It has long been the author's desire to see, for the glory of Britain, the German Kant's Critique of Pure Reason transcended by some similar production in the English Language. The task he has (he hopes modestly) attempted in the proposed Publication. [This Work will be completed in the course of the year 1842, and will be then published immediately.]

Also preparing for publication, in 3 vols., price Three Guineas, "Foreign Aids to Self-Intelligence, designed for an Historical Introduction to the Study of Ontocratical Science, preparatory to a Critique of Pure Being."

(Part of these have been published in "The Monthly Magazine." The 3 vols. now advertised will contain the whole.) Subscriptions received by W. Stevens, Printer, 37, Bell Yard, Temple Bar; or by the Author, 28, Burton Street, Burton Crescent.



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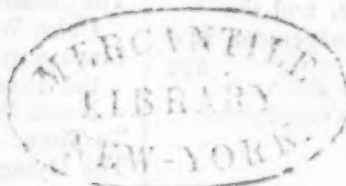
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